

HUSTLER

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FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

SEPTEMBER 1975 \$1.75

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HUSTLER

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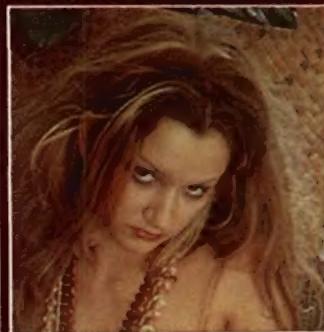
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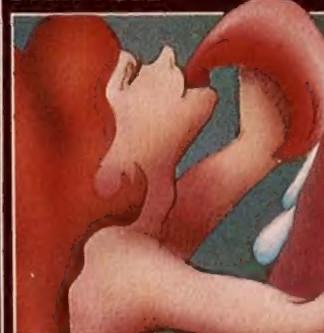
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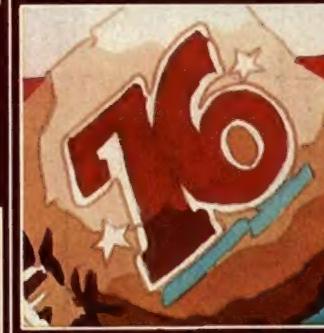
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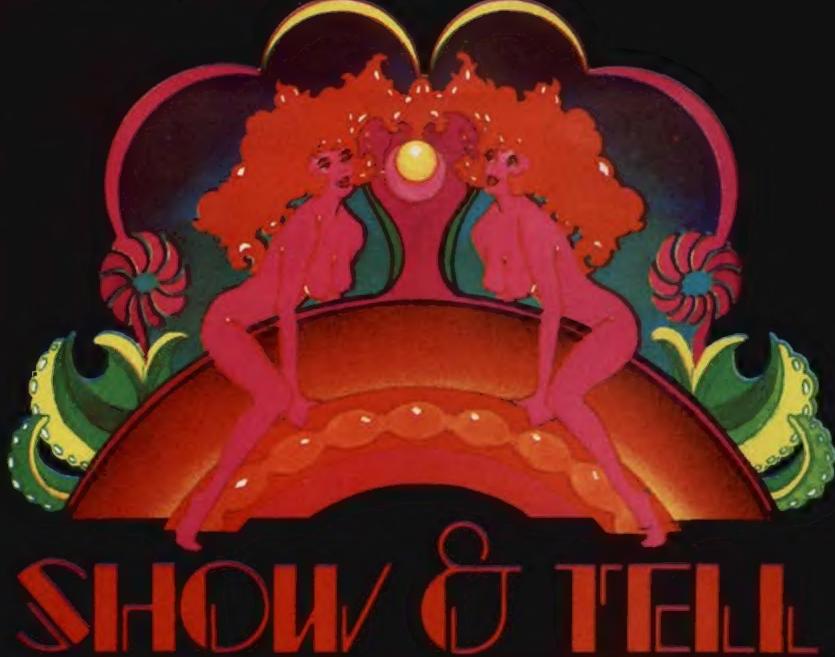
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MAKING IT WITH "OLD GOLD"

Americans emphasize youth. We're a young nation—a mere 200-years-old—with just that much time to have developed a culture singularly our own. We're notorious worldwide for creating accents on youth in theater, film, fashion, television and especially in music. Few enterprising businessmen would consider entering into a new venture without first consulting on the mood and orientation of the "youth culture."

Nevertheless, 50% of Americans are over 25. Those who have not turned the corner on a quarter-century soon will. Fewer will make it to 50. Yet, no one approaching the near side of middle-age ought to come to it fear-filled, anxiety-ridden or inhibited—as is obviously not the case in our fiery **50-YEAR-OLD CENTERFOLD**, Kathy Keeton. If you're young and ever wanted to "make it" with an older woman, you'll turn the pages now. If you're already there, let's hope you look so good. And if you've passed that way a while ago, you won't have to turn back the pages very far to enjoy this special feature.

Naturally, we've got more girls younger than Ms. Keeton including Mitsy, who reveals her juicy secrets; Jane, whose chief fantasy is a well-hung jungle hero; Peggy, our Columbus Honey; and a fashion feature for all seasons.

SUMMER BROWN, the subject of this month's interview and porn's first female producer, explains to interviewer **AL GOLDSTEIN** how she got into the business and what techniques she thinks will save porn from an early demise.

GEORGE WALLACE, ex-prize-fighter, socialite, invalid, politician and prime Presidential contender is examined by **WAYNE GREENHAW**. Greenhaw's father introduced him to Wallace when the candidate was on his first campaign trail. Since then, he's been a Wallace-watcher, has written for the *New York Times* and other national publications, has two books to his credit including one on William "Rusty" Calley, and is now working on a third.

Ever wondered what happened to adult fairy tales? Then "Mother Goosed," by **TONY Mc ELDOWNEY** should help restore children's stories to vogue among those who still can laugh at public figures, political victims, or even themselves. **PAUL BROCK** authors a probing "Sex Play" designed to give the **HUSTLER** lover more insight into his women and their dreams than he could get from physical sport. And **ROBERT WIEDER** socks it to some well-known porno producers in his satirical autobiography, "The Greatest Porny Ever Told."

That's not all. "Honey's" back in operation in the O.R.; **SKIP FICKLING** tells what you can expect in the way of sex and money; and "Bits & Pieces" blasts the San Francisco Erotic Art Museum. So . . . Good reading to you.

Managing Editor 

HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

Larry C. Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Jimmy R. Flynt
CO-PUBLISHER

Althea Leasure
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER

Wendell Gunlock
VICE-PRESIDENT &
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Michael R. Foldes
MANAGING EDITOR

Steve Hanley
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Stephen Helwagen
CONTROLLER

Joe Halko
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR

Contributors September
Paul Brock, James Martin,
Robert Wieder, Thom McElroy,
Wayne Greenhaw, Walter Stewart.

Contributing Editors:
Richard Crownover, Skip Fickling,
Jim McQuade, Tim Beckley,
D R Butler, Noel Kilgen, Ron Offen

Contributing Photographers
Valerie Brown, Tony Curran,
Quicksilver.

Contributing Artists:
Rick McMillen, Dan Kirk,
Bruce Young, Blaine Lement.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH:
Tony Curran

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Audit Bureau of Circulations Membership Applied For

Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Columbus, O. with additional entry at Derby, Conn.

HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1975 VOLUME 2
NUMBER 3. U.S. subscriptions \$15 for one year
Canada \$18

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

Once again HUSTLER has come under attack by would-be censors, namely one Jessyca Russell Gaver, the Rona Barrett of the magazine industry.

In a recent newsletter she referred to HUSTLER as being filthy, in an apparent effort to intimidate wholesalers who distribute HUSTLER — to no avail. It's no secret that while *Playboy's* sales are sagging, HUSTLER remains the fastest growing men's magazine in the world. But just the mere fact that this paradoxical twerp would attack HUSTLER and myself, especially after plugging *Playgirl* and *Swank* in the same article, makes me wonder why the industry has tolerated this cretin as long as they have. She wouldn't make a pimple on Rona Barrett's ass.



LARRY FLYNT

convict the same basic rights of expression and access to a variety of ideas which are enjoyed by every other U.S. citizen. And any form of censorship outrages me — especially when it is of the smug and sanctimonious sort exhibited in this case.

The Supreme Court guidelines on obscenity leave the decision as to what is obscene up to the local community. Now, what could be more "local" than a prison population? We understand that publications advocating violence and subversion may not have a place within "the walls," but HUSTLER is not inflammatory. We don't publish directions for digging tunnels, blueprints for building bombs, information to incite riots, or parts manuals for zip-guns. And, we believe that if prisoners were given the right to vote on whether or not to receive HUSTLER, the overwhelming response would favor freedom of press.

So, I am serving notice on all administrators of prisons: If you think you can lean on this magazine, or its subscribers, you are making a big mistake. I will avail myself of any public or private legal counsel, social or governmental agencies, sympathetic legislators — in short, I will do everything in my power to see to it that HUSTLER's subscribers receive their magazines free of any arbitrary and capricious bureaucratic restrictions. I may not win every fight with you — because there are so many of you, each with his own thicket of "administrative rules and guidelines" to hide behind. But you sure as hell will know you have been in a fight.

BLUE-NOSE NOISE

subscription and to miss out on all issues of HUSTLER. Such has been the case with two inmate-subscribers at Auburn State Prison, in New York.

I happen to believe that prisons serve a useful purpose in separating violent criminals from society, so that their attitudes can be reshaped into a less anti-social and self-destructive form. But I do not feel that it is "coddling criminals" to accord a

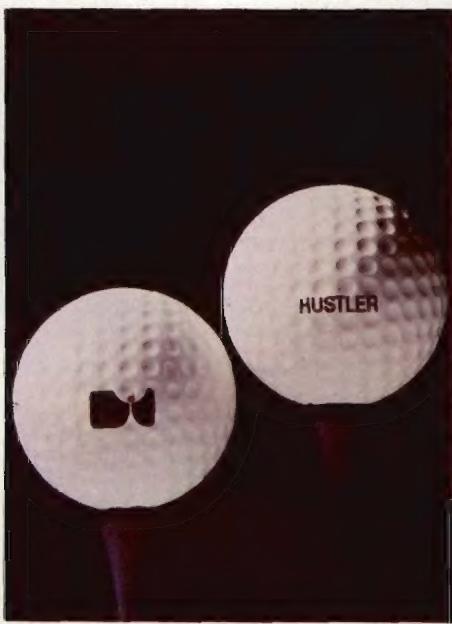
Editor & Publisher



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September

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FEEDBACK

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

New Logo Suggested

Dear Mr. Flynt:

I have been buying your magazine for the last four months. I used to think I bought the magazine to look at the girls; I realized today it was to read your "Publisher's Statement."

I find your latest, "Imitation is the Highest Form of Flattery," quite amusing. Now, don't get me wrong, your magazine is a nice magazine, as "girlie mags" go, and the "Open Beaver" is centered nicely so we readers do not have to look at this month's "Hustler's Honey" face. I am all for you. Right On, Sexual Explicitness!

But before you go on putting the shit to old Hefner and Guccione, stop and think a minute. Without *Playboy*, *Penthouse* would have never made the stand. And I know one thing, that "blurred" pubic hair opened up, uh, excuse the pun, your beaver.

So, if you will put your money where your mouth is and let us see old Larry Flynt with a hard on in *HUSTLER*, and if you can keep it that way under all those lights, I am sure that we might see Ms. Keeton's smiling beaver.

Keep up the good work, and work on some better looking girls, and I'll keep buying your mag for the articles. Hey, about that logo of yours, it's gotta go. How about a smiling beaver?

Erik Keizer
Houston, Texas

Dear Erik:

As I said in my Publisher's Statement, responding to readers is what it is all about.

You wanted a beaver—you got a beaver! Effective with the October issue of *HUSTLER*, we are changing our logo to the smiling beaver.

In return for your suggestion, I am awarding you the first lifetime subscription to *HUSTLER Magazine* that has ever been given.

I wish to thank you personally for taking the time to write us, and hope *HUSTLER* will continue to meet your expectations in the future.

Kindest personal regards,
Larry C. Flynt
Publisher

Loved "Love In The Afternoon"

I have been intending to write the publishers of *Penthouse* for some time now, congratulating them on their cunt shots. I'm glad that I didn't, now — I accidentally purchased the May issue of *HUSTLER*, and when I saw the cunt shots, I decided that from now on I will only purchase *HUSTLER*.

I would like to see more pictures of two girls making love to each other. For instance, in your pictorial, "Love in the Afternoon," on page 31, those fingers should be right inside the cunt, and she should have the nipple right in her mouth. On page 32, the girl standing up could be spreading her lips while bringing the other girl's face right up to her cunt. One

hand could be playing with the asshole. On page 33, the ass-hole could be more visible, while in the next frame, the fingers and cunt could be more visible. On page 34, there should be one hand playing with the nipple, while she is sucking the cunt. The other girl is doing the right thing, and that is playing with the cunt while she is looking at it. Keep up the good work, *HUSTLER*, and I would like to see some of my suggestions in future issues.

Sam Johnson
Hull, Quebec



I think that your new idea of photographing two beautiful bisexual females, titled "Love in the Afternoon," is an excellent idea. The only thing is, in my opinion, that there should be more showing where the action is taking place, instead of some far-away pictures of the two beautiful women, that can hardly be seen. For example, page 33, right picture—the picture is obstructed, and covers the vaginal area where the woman is fingering the other. Also, on page 34, the picture is exciting, but it does not show enough of the action. This is what the people want to see and this, I think, is what should be shown. Keep up the good work you guys and gals are doing.

A Good Patron
Buffalo, New York

We try to make all of our features as naturally explicit as possible, because we know that's what you, our readers, want. However, like all forms of printed and filmed entertainment, we are restricted by a plethora of American and international obscenity guidelines. These guidelines prevent us from being as explicit as you both would prefer. Even so, we frequently run into the sort of police-state problems described in the following letters.

Canadian Beaver Shortage

Did Canadian Customs confiscate your February and March issues, or was it because my local variety store was bombed by the Mafia, and no other fuck-book store here in Toronto sells *HUSTLER*? Anyway, heeding Mr. Flynt's statement in your April issue, I said to myself: "Self, what the fuck is 24 bucks?" Besides, I like your magazine, even though it probably won't exist for more than a few more months. So, enclosed is the price of a one-year subscription.

A.D. Pirie
Toronto, Ontario

Luckily, I had just bought the latest issue of *HUSTLER* before our do-good city fathers had the police remove your fine book from the stores. Will it be possible to subscribe to *HUSTLER* in the future, so that I can receive your fine magazine through the mails?

Vern Roth
Toronto, Ontario

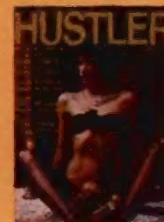
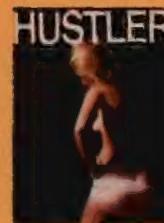
We fully intend to be around — even to flourish — much more than "a few more months," Mr. Pirie. We aren't sure exactly what we did that Canadian authorities found so offensive, but we are aware that we have had some problems with distribution in Canada. Meanwhile, you have the right idea in subscribing, for exactly the reasons stated in Mr. Roth's letter — even though we take less profits from subscriptions than we do from newsstand sales, we want to keep *HUSTLER* as honest and explicit as it has been up to now. Subscription is also a good idea, to prevent the headache of newsstand sell-outs described later in this column.

Adolescent Fantasy Relieved

Your enclosed evaluation sheet ("Write Your Own Ticket") is a great idea. It lets the reader know what you, the publishers, are probably wanting to ask us. As for your March issue, I thought your pictorial featuring Michelle with her crotch shaved was outstanding—a real turn-on, to say the least. As a matter of fact, I'd like to relate a personal experience connected with this sort of thing which may indicate the impact it has on me, and perhaps others as well.

Quite a few years ago, when I was about twelve years old and not at all initiated in the ways and ideas of sex, I had my first brush with the thrill of the nude female body. I stumbled upon it quite by accident, when I was at the beach with my family. We stayed the day, and when we were getting ready to leave, I ran off in a hurry to change clothes. Farthest thing from my mind, I ran into the Girl's shower instead of the Boys, just in time to see this tall, thin girl stepping out of the shower stall. You can well imagine my feeling of continued on page 10

WANT US TO COME AGAIN?



TO HUSTLER MAGAZINE JULY NOV. MARCH
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FEEDBACK

shock, combined with amazement and topped off with a sort of first big surge of "the urge," considering that up to that time I had never seen a teen-age girl in the nude. It took quite a long time before I simmered down after that, and like all first impressions, it has still stayed on, to some extent.

Now, I may have lost you in the mention of this, but the crux of the matter, with respect to this month's shaved girl, is the visible split. Although I have come a long way, psychologically and sexually, since that dim time long ago, I still remain unspeakably turned on by the sight of a naked girl in a normal front pose, standing, with both vaginal lips plainly visible. If you could perhaps find a few more pictures like that in your future issues, I'm sure you would find audiences enthusiastic!

Michael Russo
Quincy, Mass.

Up and Down

There is one area which I wish to comment about concerning not only your magazine, but others as well. All the photo-essays seem to be of women in only one age bracket—the 18 to 28 group. This is fine, and they make excellent photos, which I do not wish to see stopped. However, your reply to a recent letter (May, 1975) concerning photos of younger girls was heartening. I would not only like to see you extend the age range down into the 13 to 16 bracket, but also upward, into the "over forty" group. There are some women in the older age brackets that not only have excellent bodies, but are very proud of them and their age.

Give younger teen-agers their due, and let them show off their developing breasts and pussies, but also give the women who have worked hard to keep their figures good, their breasts firm, and their pussies tight a chance to show off the fruits of their labor.

James A. Richards

We're working on both suggestions. Look for our "Fabulous Fifties" centerfold, Ms. Kathy Keeton, in this issue.

Came and Went

Just a note asking that, if possible, you start my subscription with the May, 1975 issue. I had a place where I could get your magazine, but 36 issues were sold out in a half-hour, and the other stands were sold out also. I enjoy your magazine very much; it is tops in reading. Keep up the good work.

Charles J. Horne
Vallejo, California

Enclosed is my check with an order for a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. I am with a private company overseas, on a small island, working for the U.S. government. The camp store here several months ago got a shipment of HUSTLER in, but they went like

hot cakes. Thinking they would get more copies in the store here, I waited in ordering a subscription. Somehow, the few copies were just a one-time thing. I enjoyed the one copy I read, and with this order I hope to be getting your magazine in the months to come.

Darrell Alexander
Address Withheld

I am enclosing my check for \$15 for a one-year subscription to your terrific HUSTLER magazine. I brought HUSTLER back to my office once, and set it on the desk, and it flew the coop. Naturally, no one knew where it was. When I went back to the store, all of the February issues were sold.

Sam Garland
Hamburg, Pa.

It's your magazine, too, Mr. Garland. We are gratified by the great support all of our readers, throughout the U.S. and internationally, have shown us at the newsstands. If your local magazine rack sells out of HUSTLER, just ask the distributor to order more for the next month. As for your copies being ripped off, all we can suggest is that hereafter you keep them in their unmarked mailing envelopes when you take them to the office for your lunch-time reading.

I enjoy your fine magazine, and I also think it is getting better with each issue. I would like to subscribe to HUSTLER, but since I do not know what kind of wrapper or jacket is used to mail it in, I will continue to purchase HUSTLER from my news/magazine dealer. I had so much trouble with the Post Office boys reading and damaging my copies of Penthouse that I had to stop subscribing to that magazine. Now that you are on the market, I sure am glad that I stopped subscribing to Penthouse — only Bob Guccione will not refund the money I paid for the renewal of my subscription.

Your pictures are so much better than Penthouse or Playboy, and your magazine is so much better than Penthouse and Playboy.

T.S. Yow
Rockingham, N.C.

Subscription copies of HUSTLER are mailed in an unmarked manila envelope, for exactly the reason you have described. But give the guys in the U.S. Postal Service a break — they're only human, and they like to read on their lunch hours, too.

Gentlemen:

I buy your magazine for entertainment, not for political bullshit. I don't care what is your opinion of President Ford, so please have your guys and gals stick to sex and leave politics to the trained press.

H.L.W.

Columbus, Ohio

P.S. If you would care to explain why the award picture, please do so.

A political figure, by virtue of his chosen profession, has placed himself in the public

domain. He will always be subject to criticism for decisions he makes, whether it comes from the right, the left, or the middle of the road.

To say any more would require us to generate an article of thesis proportions—a task we will leave to historians and political experts.

Pulling Our Chain

Dear Pervert,

Hurrah for HUSTLER! A magazine that finally admits that sex is real! Too long has animal lust been repulsed in this horny land. HUSTLER pulls no punches and lifts one's spirits, as well as the lips of the vagina. And what do you know—it's hairy and pink and warm inside!

HUSTLER I salute you, and proudly step out of the toilet to pull your chain. Thank you for an honest approach. Pornography is once again a happy state of mind!

In the mood for nude—

by David Lewd

I look forward to your next undercounter Encounter

Sincerely Yours,
David L. Crisler
Glenwood, Iowa

I only want you all to know that you've got a great magazine. The people you interview are so honest about themselves—they don't keep anything from anyone. They tell it like it is. Like, Larry Flynt eats pussy and the world knows it, and Jody Maxwell sucks cocks. Take me for instance: I eat pussy myself, and would like the world to see me—I don't give a damn. I didn't know about your magazine until a few months ago. I was buying Penthouse and Playboy. I stopped buying Playboy because the book is so dull. Penthouse is good, but HUSTLER is the best! So, all I can say is: keep the good book coming — I'll be waiting.

William Ruffin

P.S. Tell Miss Maxwell if she ever decides to have a contest for the World's Greatest Pussy Eater, I would like to be the first guy to eat her.

I have just recently picked up your May issue, and I am astounded. This is the Best men's magazine I have ever seen. But I do not know where you and your ego get off on referring to Mr. Guccione's magazine (Penthouse) as an imitation of your own. That is sheer bullshit. Penthouse has a lot of class, but you don't seem to realize your magazine speaks for itself. Keep your mouth shut and you've got it made. You don't need the put-downs, and your magazine doesn't need the bad name. As I said, it's the Best and you can't get much better. Keep the cunt coming; it's nice to see a juicy pussy instead of a blurry patch of fuzz.

B. McArthur
Toronto, Canada

The way we've made it so far has been by not keeping our mouths shut. We call 'em the way we see 'em, and we still believe that if Bob Guccione ever had an original idea in his head, it would die of loneliness.



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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My wife used to go steady with my best friend. I've recently learned that they had quite a sexual relationship, and that he still has pictures of her naked. He recently joked that a few days ago he jerked off to them for old times' sake. I don't know how I feel about my best friend jerking off to pictures of my naked wife? What do you think?

Jim Tetlow
Austin, Texas

We don't think anything. We'd probably jerk off to them, top, if we had them. Why are you so uptight about it? You should feel honored and complimented that another man would enjoy pictures of your naked wife.

The girl I live with likes to sit with her pussy in my face when I'm lying on my back. Especially when I least expect it. Sometimes in the middle of the night I wake up with her pussy in my face. She also likes to do it right after we fuck, with semen running out of her hole. Don't you think it's kind of weird that she'd have this thing about continually sticking her pussy in my face?

Donald Poole
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Frankly, nothing surprises us anymore. If she enjoys it, why complain? You've probably stuck your cock in her mouth more than once. Different people get their thrills in different ways. If you love her, lap it.

I've only been married about a year, and my wife doesn't fuck worth a shit. I try to get her to fuck me every night, but I'm lucky if she does it once a week. I don't know what the hell is wrong with her. What can I do to get her to fuck more often?

L. T. Kaiser
Tulsa, Oklahoma

The best thing to do would be to stop trying to get her to do it. You guys who keep at your wives all the time ruin the whole thing for yourselves. Act like you could care

less whether she fucks you or not, and her interest is going to start perking up. There's nothing intriguing or fascinating about a guy who's always begging for it. But when you become somewhat of a challenge, then it becomes worthwhile to her.

I've been getting obscene phone calls from a chick with such a sweet sounding voice. She calls at all hours of the day and night, and says things like, "Why don't you come eat my pussy, Jack." This kind of talk disturbs me very much. You see, my name isn't Jack. What would you do?

Earl Ashley
Spokane, Washington

I'd pretend my name was Jack, talk nice to her, and offer to eat it right out of the box.

I have a weird kind of psychological problem, and I don't know if you can help me or not. You see, I don't feel as though I really know a girl unless I've balled her. I mean, no matter how often we meet or talk, she's still a stranger until we're in bed. Also, I have this powerful desire to really get to know every girl I see. Do you understand what I'm talking about?

Name withheld by request
Columbus, Ohio

You bet. I've been feeling the same way for years. Don't know a man who doesn't. Why do you want to tell yourself you have a problem?

Can you tell me what's happening when one of my balls goes up inside my body when I'm having an orgasm?

Wayne Sorenson
Chicago, Illinois

It usually indicates you've had one hell of an orgasm! Just gently push it back down and glow contentedly for a while.

I'm a twenty-year-old woman. My boyfriend buys your disgusting magazine and I want to know why it's so important for a man to see pictures of naked women. I think people who'd publish such a magazine are a disgrace to God's creation.

Edna Mackey
Topeka, Kansas

We were under the impression that God had created naked women, and we are only performing the service of publishing pictures of God's creation in a most natural form. The reason it's important for a man to see pictures of such natural beauty is largely because of women like you, who'd tug down the hem of your dress before you'd let a man catch a flash of your knee.

I've been going to bed with this girl for almost a year, and the only way she really likes to do it is if she's on top. She says it's the only way it really feels good to her, and that's the only position she's ever had an

continued on page 30

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It's Hard to Get Hard in Zambia

The government of Zambia in South Central Africa, obviously believing that sex should be left to the animals, (Variety)

has recently banned all films, magazines and newspapers dealing with nudity, sex or pornography. As one frustrated Zambian put it, "When you get a hard on over here, you hold on to it." To him we say — You shall overcomel

BITS & PIECES

Auto-Suck

Ever started to nod out about midway through that long haul between St. Louis and L.A.? And you really didn't want to mess around with Bennies, or any other of those pharmaceutical co-pilots? Well, friends, HUSTLER has come across a device which will perk you up better than singing along with your car radio (although you might find yourself doing that anyway), and will let you fulfill a long-time fantasy in the bargain. This little number is called the "Auto-Suck." It consists of a hollow rubber sleeve affixed to a portable motorized vacuum device, which is equipped with a 12 volt cigarette lighter receptacle plug . . . Maybe that's why our friend Horny Harold ordered his new 'Vette with a cigarette lighter, even though he doesn't smoke . . . The Auto-Suck "features a right angle penis receptacle with molded hand grip," according to Companion Products of New York, the outfit that's marketing the little beauty. In case you were wondering.

Companion Products coyly suggests that the Auto-Suck "can be used for the collection of male semen for artificial insemination purposes." But we know better — this is actually the greatest boon to the fatigued driver since the development of No-Doze.

One word of caution, though: the Auto-Suck is best utilized on a long stretch of open highway, where you've

got plenty of room to maneuver, preferably in the desert. If enough dudes try using one

of these things driving in to work on the Inner-Belt, we're liable to wind up with a higher

highway accident rate than Israel. Happy motoring. — Steve Hanley.



Buckley's Mortician

When SCREW co-publisher, Jim Buckley, died last winter, his family's personal mortician was asked to comment on whether or not he believed there would be

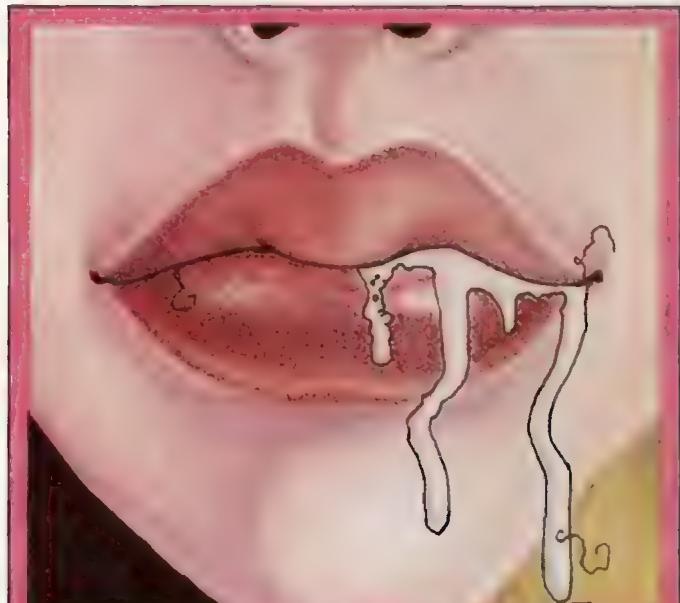
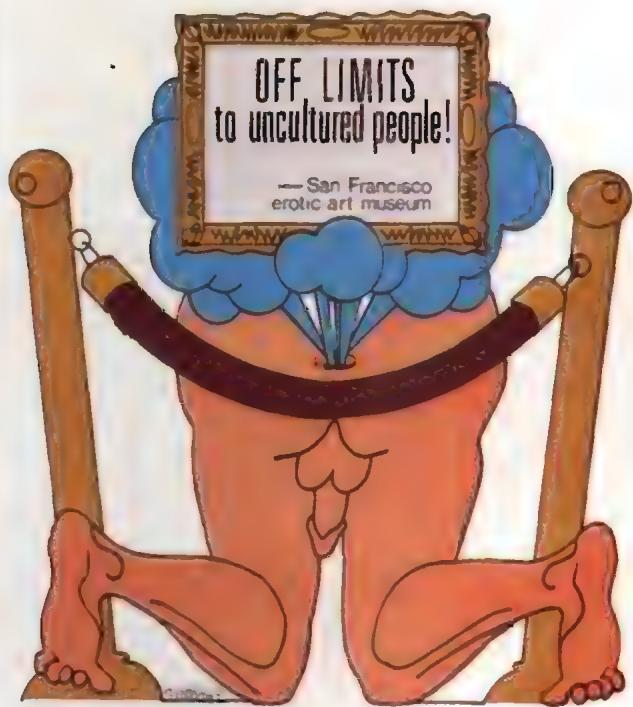
"sex after death" for poor Jim. Consenting to a short, private interview, during which this picture was taken, he replied carefully, "I don't know if he was really one for sex, as much as he talked about it. But if you haven't guessed it already with a proboscis like this, I make sure I have it every time."

BITS & PIECES

Asshole of the Month

Awink of HUSTLER's "brown-eye" goes to the Erotic Art Museum, in San Francisco. HUSTLER applied for permission to display some of the classic works of erotic art which are in their world-famous collection. The Museum vetoed our request, feeling that it would be tasteless to feature the works of such artists as Rembrandt, Picasso and Chagall in the same pages with open beavers, "Sex Play" and "Kinky Korner." Apparently the

curators of the Erotic Art Museum have forgotten the philosophy on which the Museum was founded: that one man's pornography is another man's art, and all art should be available to the people. By their actions, the curators are practicing the same sort of censorship which all exhibitors of erotic art — themselves included — have traditionally suffered. The "authorities" don't want us common folk to see that such famous artists were getting off on erotica as much 500 years ago as HUSTLER readers do today.



SPITTING IMAGE

There are times in every man's life when he opens his eyes after a phenomenal orgasm and finds himself face-to-face with a spitting image. Not of himself, necessarily. But, of his lover, anyway.

West Coast artist-contributor Wayne Sarat complemented his waking vision with this cumly illustration . . . We're just waiting for her delicious tongue to lick away that costly cream.

COCK 'O' POPS

LIKE lollipops, only the oral obsession isn't hidden by rounding off the edges of these colorful suckers. They are the drugstore operators dream come true—a wonderful, whimsical way to entertain one's masturbatory thoughts while all those little shuffling schoolboys and schoolgirls spin their nickels and dimes across the counter for their after-school treats. If you can't lick 'em, what good are they? This particular edition is 99% sugary sweet—1% (or less), artificial coloring. Available in one size only, from Ed D. Louie.



BITS & PIECES

Most Tasteless Cartoon



SHE'S A MOOSE!

Physical Graffiti...

In New York, exhibitionism seems to be the leading indoor (and outdoor) sport, followed closely by spraypainting graffiti on anything that doesn't move. In their frantic competition to be more revealing, more outrageously daring than the next, New York girls offer the dedicated girl-watcher a panorama of nip-

ples, navels and snatches.

The friend of New York photo artist Valerie Brown pictured above seems to have taken this trend to its logical extension. You've heard of topless/bottomless? Well, dig the very latest wrinkle: "topped." This style dictates that the fashion-conscious Ms. wear a fetching *chapeau*. Period! Cameo chokers and chunky bracelets make charming accessories. Bronzing gel is optional.



Tongue-Tied

Lesbian encounters seem to be the rage of the '70's, despite early warnings from parents and social guardians that sex with the same sex is profane, abusive and can lead to chromosome abnormalities even among adults.

Nevertheless, the lust-thrust throws more women (and more men) together than at any time since homosexuality was Greek chic. So if you happen to argue that the common cause is otherwise, you're likely to find yourself facing off with an articulate female (or male), whose verbal counter-attacks will leave you tongue-tied. As for us, hedonists that we are, "If it feels good, do it."

BITS & PIECES



Pick

Sore Suspect!

Asore suspect was in custody after a 36-year-old woman told police she bit a man who forced her to commit oral sodomy.

Police said the woman was asleep in her home on St. Paul's East Side, when she was awakened about 3:30 a.m. by a man who placed a gloved hand over her mouth.

He threatened her with a screwdriver and forced her in-

to another bedroom where he made her commit the act. The woman told police she bit him, and he released her and fled. She was taken to St. Paul-Ramsey Hospital with loosened teeth and a bruised leg.

Shortly afterward, a man came to the emergency room at St. Paul-Ramsey seeking treatment for a cut on his genitalia. He was arrested on the spot for possible sodomy charges — *Thanks to Pam Burke & the St. Paul Dispatch.*

Male Go-Go, No Go!

It seems male dancers are taking it on the top all over America, these days. In Towson, Md., the Baltimore County Liquor Board struck a blow against Male Lib, ordering a male go-go dancer to cover his chest.

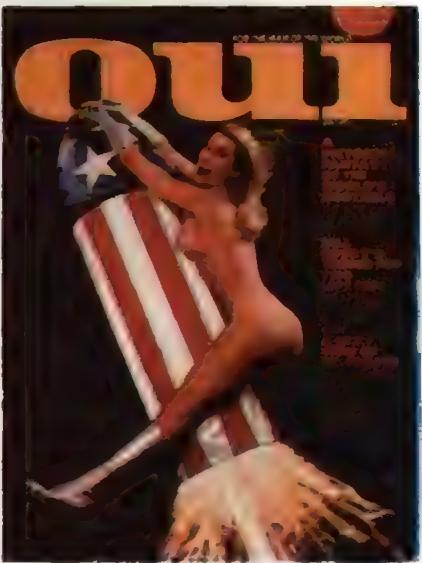
Chairman of the liquor board, Joseph L. Hess, in addition to ordering the male dancer to wear "a bra or something," told the owners of the Merritt House, a Dundalk, Md., nightclub, that it must not turn away male cus-

tomers and must prevent female patrons from stuffing tips in the dancer's briefs.

Hess said he received dozens of complaints claiming the bar was guilty of sex discrimination. State liquor rules require employees of all licensed establishments to wear clothing that "conceals the entire nipple area and lower breast." Hess said that although the rule was written to apply to women, he would be guilty of discrimination if he did not apply the law uniformly to both sexes.

Robert Cane, part owner of the bar, who hired the dancer, said he would consult with his lawyer on the ruling.

OUI PLUG



Ostensibly for the "Man of the World," *OUI* Magazine actually appeals to the hip young set, who don't find enough raunch in *Rolling Stone*, and are turned off by the squareness of *Playboy*. The *Rolling Stone* influence is proven by the heavy presence of ex-*Stone* types on *OUI*'s staff—laboring under the capable direction of transplanted *Playboy* staffer Nat Lehrman. The result is a heady mixture of youth-oriented articles—drugs, Continental gambling and prostitution—sandwiched in

with photo spreads of international beauties. *OUI* could be the best men's magazine—after *HUSTLER*—but efforts to raise circulation are dogged by its unfortunate name (French for "Yes"). Would-be readers get sick of drawing uncomprehending stares from their newsstand dealer when they ask for "Oh You Eye," or "Oui," and just give it a pass. It's pronounced "We." Next time you've finished devouring *HUSTLER*, pick up a copy of *OUI*—you won't be disappointed.

MUSSEL BEACH

Tit for tat, if it isn't a clam it's an oyster; and if it isn't a snail it's a mussel. The gourmet will delight in these tempting, optical teasers, the way a bitch in heat delivers her best hump to the brutal

fox. Cooked delicately in olive oil, with a smattering of spice (don't leave out the garlic), they can be depended upon to liven any dinner engagement not guaranteed to please the most vigorous sexual appetite.



Elephantine Prize

Most people have their first real sexual experience in observing the natural, unself-conscious coupling of animals, whether dogs, cattle, horses—or elephants. As such, it is a healthy experience: The rigid grin of the rutting beast tells us, vividly

and unarguably, that sex is a natural pleasure which should not cause us shame or embarrassment.

Furthermore, it is interesting and somehow reassuring, to contemplate that our fascination and envy of our fellow animals' instinctive capacity to enjoy their sexuality did not originate with

the present "sexually liberated" generation. Or our Father's. Or even our grandfather's. Consider that, at a time (Circa 1900) when photography was an expensive and inexact science, the photographer was moved to expend effort and money in capturing for eternity, this tender scene.



BITS & PIECES



Transvestite of the Year...

Award goes to Elizabeth Carmichael, founder of Twentieth Century Car Corp. It seems that Mrs. Carmichael is really Jerry Dean Michael, age 37, and that she (he), has been hiding in drag from the F.B.I. for thirteen years!

You may have seen Mrs. Carmichael in *People* magazine when he (she) got a big write-up for *Women in the News*.

Perhaps Mrs. Carmichael/ Mr. Michael, will get a novice award for best unsupported actress. Mr. Michael has been sought since 1962 for swindle — and Mrs. Carmichael has been chased since February.

May the best man/woman win!

BITS & PIECES

BUTCH, AU NATURAL

In case you haven't toured Hawaii recently, the latest thing in welcoming committees is "Butch, au natural." If

Butch isn't swimming through shark-infested waters dodging snapping jaws while diving for silver dollars, he's waiting on shore with leis for lonesome ladies. And, with a foot-long wong. Whether this provocative Polynesian penis compares to April's King Dong, we'll let you decide.

Whatever, you know where the women will be vacationing this year.

Butch has been formally invited by **HUSTLER** to pose for an up-and-cumming boy-girl feature. Who will the lucky lady be? That's just something you'll have to wait to see.

OH! BALLS

Thinly disguised in a cloak of luncheon meat and salami comes the *San Francisco Ball*, hot on the tracks of Al Goldstein's *Screw*. The *Ball* was founded in 1970 by free-loving hippie freak, Eliot Borin. Borin sold out to Jaundice Press in 1971. And while owners Ron Garst and Merrill Miller managed to keep the

tasteless *Ball* rolling for another year, they sold out to Carla Grimm and Jack Medford in 1973.

Now, Garst spends his time being famous around Van Nuys, while Miller is pushing the *Ball's* circulation beyond the 100,000 mark. Not bad for a pithy little newsprint tabloid sold through adult bookstores.

If your dealer doesn't stock it, the *Ball's* address is: 17620 Sherman Way, Suite 10, Van Nuys, California 91406.

MILLION SHIPS LAUNCHED

The following editorial appeared verbatim in the Dayton Daily News under the above caption:

"Another Greek shipping millionaire, John C. Carras, says he wants to make Jackie Kennedy Onassis his next wife.

"Mr. Carras' friends say

Jackie represents 'a social Everest which the great wealth of Mr. Carras has never managed to obtain.'

"Jackie may be the first woman to go from the pages of gossip-movie magazines to the Nieman-Marcus catalogue."

We're waiting . . .

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SEX PLAY



The Hot Dreams of Women

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the sixth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his women the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

A satisfying sexual experience is dependent upon both physical and emotional fulfillment. "The Hot Dreams of Women" deals more with moods than with the mechanics featured in previous articles. It presents another side of the sexual coin for Hustlers who want to turn their lovers on—and keep them that way.

By Paul Brock

Psychologists have known for a long time that sex dreams go together like vaginas and hard shafts. And that almost every dream a girl has is based on her unfulfilled physical desires.

They also know—but won't willingly broadcast it—that the hot dreams of women can give a guy valuable information about specific female sex yearnings. The problem, for males, is to persuade females to open up and tell all about the dreams they have at night. In this era of full and frank discussion between the

sexes this should not prove too difficult. It will certainly pay off with mutual understanding about sex matters, and can lead to astounding developments in bed.

Who would believe, for instance, that a normally shy but ravishingly constructed female of 20, dreams nightly about a man's sexual organs and of stroking a proud phallus until it ejaculates, coinciding exactly with her own intense orgasm? Yet the casebooks of psychiatrists are full of such intriguing confidential confessions. They are so numerous that the head-shrinkers regard them as entirely normal and "routine."

The fact is that men and women of all ages are sexual. That is to say they have sex on their minds for about three-quarters of the time, including time spent sleeping and dreaming. Men spend roughly 75 per cent of their adult

lives pursuing sexual thoughts, and women trail only slightly behind with a substantial 68 per cent of their time devoted to the same fascinating subject.

Some women, yearning for male attention, dream of having hot sex with a variety of males every time they climb between the sheets. But they wouldn't dare tell this to anyone except a medical man, or a male friend who is showing some interest in laying them. Even then, the friend has got to ask.

Ask what? About what kind of dreams the lady has been having lately. What persons, places and things do the dreams revolve around? Are they easy to remember—or difficult? Do they change in theme every night or are they repeated? Are you included in any of them—or all?

Gentle persuasion, a relaxed atmo-

sphere and a quiet room can do wonders in extracting such vital information, as the entire psychiatric profession is well aware. There is no reason why such proven techniques shouldn't be applied to desirable females by studs on the make. There is nothing dishonest or pseudo-professional about such questioning. Very often females find profound relief in "confessing" their lurid dreams to a sincere friend, preferably male, sexy and well-endowed.

That last preference is almost universal among females who dream a lot, in spite of assurances by sexologists that the size of the organ has nothing to do with sexual satisfaction. Judging from the hundreds of case histories quoted by sex therapists, sex organ size is one of the most urgent problems bothering dreaming females who yearn to enjoy a full and satisfactory sex life with a chosen mate.

One woman dreams that she is supremely satisfied, in her dreams, when her lover's organ suddenly grows to three times its previous fully erect size. Another dreams that her boy friend's organ has grown several inches too, and that this makes it impossible for them to have intercourse without pain.

Such dreams are based on a woman's instinctive yearning for deep penetration, ensuring that the male seed is deposited as near as possible to the female egg. Such unconscious thinking may sound logical, but is weakened somewhat by the known fact that a woman can adapt her vagina to any size of sex organ. There is no practical limit to vaginal expansion if there is patient lovemaking and if intercourse proceeds according to the readiness of the woman. In the immortal words of a certain cigarette commercial, fractured a little, the truth—in spite of female dreams—is that "It's not how long you make it; it's how you *try* to make it long."

But though penis length is a constant preoccupation with women who dream about sex, there are other aspects concerning the male organ which give us great insight into their compulsive desires.

"Almost every night," one eighteen-year-old blonde reported to her psychiatrist, "I have this strange dream about my boy friend's sexual organs. We are both naked and yet he isn't really having intercourse with me at all. In fact he's not exactly even there except for his dream image. But his organ is. It lies flaccid on my stomach and I caress it with my hands."

“There is no practical limit to vaginal expansion if there is patient lovemaking...”

If your girl friend's dream confession resembles that one, the answer is obvious. It's a clear case of "penis envy," the old Freudian theory that all women at some time or other feel they have been deprived of a prominent sex organ. The theory is under heavy attack these days, especially by women's lib groups who claim that it simply doesn't apply to modern women in general. But there are women who still dream of stealing the male organ, keeping it for themselves, and actually attaching it to themselves. Such women tend to snatch aggressively at any opportunity to indulge in sexual intimacies and intercourse. Some men find their enthusiasm soon becomes a bore. There is no challenge.

A second and quite widespread female dream sequence goes like this: "When my boy friend makes love to me in my dreams it isn't him at all—it's Mick Jagger. He's so wonderful, animal-like and strong, and he never takes any nonsense from me. I tell him, 'Not tonight,' and he just mashes me with his thick lips and takes me anyway. I can't fight him off because he's so lithe and muscular with all that twisting and stretching on the stage. When he puts his hands on me, they're kind of hard and rough and they get me excited."

This female dream is one of the most common. It simply consists of substituting someone else for a woman's regular lover. The substitute may be a rock singer, movie star, a character out of a book or television series, a good-looking male next door or at work. The female endows him with all the virtues she dreams of in the ideal bed-partner—virtues she feels her real-life lover doesn't have. She creates her sex-hero herself, for after all, who knows what Mick Jagger, or any other famous celebrity, is *really* like as a lover? Who knows whether he actually is as sexy in bed as he is on the stage? The female dreamer doesn't. But in her dreams,

where the truth tends to soar uppermost, she does know what she craves for in her sex life.

According to recent studies made by University of Wisconsin psychologists, a woman's sex dreams show more detail, more fear, anxiety and dread than those of a man. And women have nightmares twice as often. They dream in living color, while men have to be content with plain black and white.

Women dream of possessing outstanding sexual attractions like generous, upthrusting breasts, narrow waists, long slim legs and thighs, cuddlesome buttocks, tapering fingers, velvety pubic hair and tight but not too tight vaginas with which to embrace the penis, and thus give lovers the maximum pleasure during intercourse. They also dream of possessing dazzling facial beauty and impeccable hairdos that never get disarranged.

Brain power also enters the female picture. Every woman dreams that she is able to match her favorite male in the field of mental alertness and wit. These attributes, females assume, will impress a man and make her mentally, as well as physically, irresistible.

Night after night a homely girl will see herself in her dreams transformed into a sexy, curvaceous beauty whose looks have men falling over one another to date her. If the dream ends in physical love, she invariably tends to thrust her own sex-pleasure into the background, finding it more satisfying to give her lover intense pleasure which—in the dream—she alone can bestow.

Both sexes often dream of being in a public place entirely nude, and, in the case of males, with a most noticeable erection. Females are overwhelmingly embarrassed by their naked plight, but—in the dream—no one else seems to notice it.

Looking around carefully, the males masturbate in their dreams and actually awake with a nocturnal emission completed. In contrast, the female dreamers cover their genitals and breasts with their hands and arms and are then led away by a handsome male stranger who is also nude and obviously ready for action.

The explanation of such a dream, according to psychiatrists, is that there is an almost universal deep-down wish in both sexes to be unhampered by convention. In the case of males this wish is reinforced by another one urging them to demonstrate their sexual prowess and virility before an audience. With dreaming females the first bold show of

nudity is replaced by modesty when a male indicates his willingness to engage in sexual relations.

Unlike males, whose sex dreams very often end in spontaneous ejaculation, females achieve orgasm only rarely at the end of a dream sequence. But the forms the sex dreams take have definite similarities in both sexes. They involve objects described by other males and females. In all of them, for instance, at least one object prominently involved will bear some vague resemblance to a male phallus, and another object to the female vagina.

Thus, females will dream of male genitals being represented by a snake, club, pen, sword, gun, pole, tree, spear, arrow, knife, fountain, banana, bull, flower stalk, root, tube, finger, arm, nose. Female genitals will be disguised as a cave, purse, ring, open door, window, box, bottle, jar, pocket, pot, oven, drawer, pool, lake, toilet seat, hat, island, snow, veil.

With females, coitus is represented in the sex dream by telephoning, letter-writing, joint activity with a male, watching a male lighting a fire, horseback riding, car riding, climbing hills, dancing, watching men fire guns, breaking something, men fishing, flying, gliding, watching a space rocket, climbing a ladder or stairs, packing a trunk or suitcase, planting seeds, plugging into a socket, crawling into a hole, watching a piston go up and down.

One patient, Winifred P. told her psychiatrist that she constantly dreams that it is raining, and that from a doorway she catches sight of her brother-in-law in the street. She rushes out, opens an umbrella and invites him to use it with her. She awakens, and finds herself lying on her back with her legs spread wide, and her hands fondling her genitals and breasts. She continues her masturbation while still awake, and achieves a strong orgasm.

The psychiatrist's explanation: opening the umbrella is a symbol of offering her body for sexual intercourse. Secretly, Winifred would like to demonstrate her passionate desires by having intercourse with her brother-in-law.

Barbara M. . . says she often dreams she is sitting with her boy friend on a secluded park bench. There is a tall tree in the background. She is worried about losing her purse. He assures her that it won't get lost, but he is laughing and he does not sound sincere.

Explanation: the purse is a symbol of the vagina. More specifically, in the dream, it is Barbara's interpretation of

Explanation: driving a bus is a symbol of having sex relations. The significance of the baby carriage is that Roberta is worried that no foolproof contraceptive precautions have been taken by either partner, and that he might make her pregnant. Jim tries to jam on the brakes at the last moment (withdrawal), but it is "too late." She punishes him by having him arrested.

Beatrice S. dreamed she was skiing toward a precipice, hypnotized by the vivid whiteness of the snow. She swerved out of the way at the last moment.

Explanation: skiing made her think of excitement and thrills, which in turn reminded her of sexual intercourse with her new lover. But the snow in her dream indicated there was something cold about their relationship. She was afraid to let herself go completely. She held back while having sex, and her satisfaction was not complete.

Snow is usually white, and white represents virginal purity in woman's dreams. Very often the dreamer is dressed in a white garment which changes colors and finally becomes black as she is brought into sexual contact with males.

Another prominently featured object in the dreams of females is a gear stick. Although automobiles are generally considered to be feminine, the gear stick by itself figures as a phallic seducer. The female dreamer sees herself caressing and kissing it, and finally lowering herself onto it. The dream image of the man she desires as a lover hovers in the background.

That dream image could be anybody. You, for instance. To find out, a tactful but persuasive talk with your girl friend is advisable, pointing out that sex dreams are perfectly normal and that everybody dreams every night, averaging from three to seven dreams. They are Nature's way of solving the female sexual tensions problem.

Women who say they never have sex dreams are wrong. They just can't recall dreaming them, unless somebody encourages them to do so. In laboratory tests at the University of Chicago, out of the 300 young women observed and encouraged, not one was found who didn't have at least one sex or semi-sex dream during the night.

Asking your girl friend to make a point of remembering her dreams can make all the difference to your love life. Discussing and pinpointing what they probably mean adds a whole new dimension to man-woman togetherness.

“Women who say they never have sex dreams are wrong.”

her own virginity. The tree represents the male phallus. Barbara's secret desire is obvious—she yearns to have intercourse with her boy friend and lose her virginity.

Elaine G. dreams that she is watching a house doorway and it is on fire. She sees her lover rushing for a bucket of water, but he spills it before he can throw it on the fire. He repeats this several times while the fire rages more and more out of control. Finally he makes way helplessly for a fireman who is bringing up a large hose. The fireman quickly puts out the fire. Elaine's lover looks disappointed and sullen.

Explanation: the house doorway is a female dream symbol for the vagina. The fire is symbolic of Elaine's secret passion. Spilling the water before he can throw it on the fire is symbolic of premature ejaculation on the part of Elaine's lover. Elaine is obviously worried by her inability to reach orgasm and by the possibility that her lover must think she is frigid. To prove that she is capable of passionate sexual response she dreams up the fireman with the large hose—who will "put the fire out (bring her to orgasm)."

Roberta L. reports that "I constantly dream that I am watching my boy friend driving a bus. A baby carriage suddenly rolls in the way. Jim tries to jam on the brakes but it is too late. He recognizes the mother of the baby—it's me. We have had sex relations pretty frequently and I'm constantly reminding him that I am not 'on the pill.' In the dream I am very angry. I summon a policeman who arrests Jim."

THE PHILOSOPHER

An expert is one who knows more and more about less and less. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

HUSTLER PORN REVIEW

HUSTLER Porn Review is designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest X-Rated flicks flooding the market today. We try to be as reliable as possible, and our HARD-ON RATING is based on the quality-for-your-money basis. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses. But BUYER BEWARE: A good number of these films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check beforehand whether your five bucks is going to give you the real thing, or hemorrhoids.

RATING GUIDE



TOTALLY LIMP.

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT.

Might get it up if you used a crane.



HALF-ERECT.

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ERCTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

when the flic will be released, with law-suits against them by both the law and their former employees? "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" remains one of the genre's best-made pictures . . . but indications are that the hard-core market is bottoming out — and that the more sexually-vague soft-core pictures will replace hard-core on the mass market.

What points up this possibility more emphatically is the return of soft-core king Russ Meyer to the top of the box office. Meyer, you recall, almost single-handedly pioneered the "skin flick," beginning with his "The Immoral Mr. Teas," through a string of hits which included "Vixen" and ended up in the coddling lap of the big studios with "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls." The studio efforts were disastrous, and Meyer is the first to admit it; but now he has returned as an independent filmmaker with "Super Vixens," and his return (and the terrific box office take) indicate that the public still is ready for the well-made soft-core picture.

"Audiences are definitely looking for more explicit sex in films," he says, "but not necessarily 'everything.' Explicitness in the soft-core field can be pushed further, especially in showing the obvious result (erection) of stimulation; but I don't think showing penetration lends itself to eroticism. That final act is best left to the imagination."

"Super Vixens," Meyer's latest parody of simulation, is breaking box office records around the country, and it couldn't please him more; but he stops short of predicting the end of the harder film.

"I won't make hard-core films," he says, "but I think there is room for both. The hard-core picture will continue, as far as I can see, but there will be fewer of

them. The problem in the past has always been that there have been too many theaters wanting to show hard-core, and not enough good films.

"I think what we are seeing now is a leveling out in the supply and demand . . . hopefully, the result will be fewer, but better-made hard-core pictures."

Gerry Damiano disagrees. He believes the reason for the sagging box office in the hard-core field is due to the film-makers' inability to produce quality pictures for a more sophisticated audience. Meyer, on the other hand, makes no pretension at sophistication, but doesn't feel his films will lose audience members.

"I don't think people are going to stay away from my pictures because they'll feel cheated by not seeing enough sex," Meyer says. "Soft-core is more sensual, and most people know what to expect in my films. They know they aren't going to see penetration; what they will see is lots of humor, lots of action, highly exaggerated breasts, simulated sex and nudity."

"This formula has worked for me in the past, and it seems to be working now. In fact, I'd say I'm reaching a wider audience now — including women."

Meyer, who has seen his share of court battles ("Vixen" is still banned in the state of Ohio), insists that he is choosing to stick to soft ball rather than hard, due to his own preference — not because of any fear of censorship.

"Oh, there are scattered attempts, mostly by the F.B.I., to hassle people like Damiano on trumped-up interstate charges, but by and large, I think there is more freedom today than ever before. If they (law officials) would just leave it alone, it would find its own level, and satisfy certain segments of the population to the harm of no one."

FILM TALK

by James Martin

If box office trends and movie-making inclinations mean anything, the splintered film industry, always more near-than far-sighted, may be on the verge of answering the question of direction in sex pictures: hard-core or soft-core?

The answer, however myopic, but based on recent patterns, would indicate that the answer is "both" — but each in moderation, with the emphasis on the soft.

Gerry Damiano, the king of hard-core, has for months been predicting the end of hard-core films (while he works on an up-coming film); and truncated versions of major hard-core films seem to be selling with the public. To be sure, the Mitchell Brothers claim to have come up with a hard-core winner in "Sodom and Gomorrah," but who knows

SUPER VIXENS



"Super Vixens," the soft-core king's latest film, is the latest in a long (albeit interrupted) line of Meyer films, drawn deftly from the mold of "Vixen" and "Harry, Cherry & Raquel." Apparently, a large segment of the movie-going public disagrees with my low opinion of Meyer's films.

Filled with exaggerated breasts, violence and humor, "Super Vixens," in its hyperbolic stance, is the ultimate Russ Meyer film — a parody of all those which preceded it.



SHARI EUBANK

Set somewhere in the Southwest, it involves an absurd storyline about a young stud, wrongly accused of murdering his wife, who flees from place to place and bed to bed. A nice fantasy, but



Meyer never was one to create a realistic picture. He just lays together the most incredible set of circumstances, dices them with the largest-breasted women he can find, rough action and an over-active sense of humor; then he sits back and watches the crowds stream in

If Meyer is hoping that we will find his humorous, Rabelaisian approach to sex and lifestyle erotic, he is mistaken. As we watch a parade of women, each with larger tits than the last, move through the picture into a ridiculous and highly phallic ending, we can guffaw at the actions, but never get heated up. There may be a bit more frontal nudity in "Super Vixens" (all the girls in the film have "Super" as a first name), but under close viewing, as in the past, it is only the humor which can stand up under close scrutiny.

DEFIANCE

Debasement and humiliation are the premises upon which this film by Armand Weston is built, and although the sado-masochism may not be for everyone, this is one of the better-made porn flicks to date

Reminiscent of "The Story of O," Jean Jennings plays a young woman who is thrust, against her wishes, into a mental institution, where she is made to perform assorted sexual acts of the bizarre, eventually letting go of her own repressed sexual drives. Plenty of chains and whips, and lots of good sex action make this a don't-miss.

FEMALE CHAUVINISTS



Several years old, this film has been re-issued with a few close-up inserts. Storyline deals with a colony of man-hating women, and the man who sneaks into their midst. Some of the girls aren't bad looking, but the sex is tame (or in close-up only). Give it a quarter, however, based on the good quality of

photography and the humor. Not for the serious.

JOHN HOLMES FESTIVAL



A compilation of scenes from the Johnny Wadd (Holmes) pictures, the film features the actor's foot-long cock and a few good scenes. Due to the poor quality of some of the earlier pictures, however, the film remains uneven.

PERMISSIVENESS IN THE ORIENT



So-so flick which traffics on the names of a couple of earlier porn films, this "documentary" was probably shot in Anaheim, with a few location shots thrown in for authenticity. While some of the sex action is good, the film stock is poor, and the attempt to make it authentic, ludicrous. Only the sex makes it even "so-so."

LIBERTY TO LOVE



Platitudinous "social commentary" film about love and hypocrisy is a definite don't-see. Poor, grainy stock, poor acting and ridiculous plot overshadow any good sex action

LOVE BUS



The ubiquitous Jamie Gillis stars in one of the better-made hard-core pics of the year. As a psychiatrist who would rather fuck than discuss Freud, he decides to send a bus load of his neurotic patients to a hotel for further treatment. The treatment, needless to say, involves a great deal of sexual release — all of it well-photographed in vivid color and close-up. The story line is above average, the faces and bodies superb.



and some of the scenes, such as that in which Gillis probes patient Rita Davis up the cunt to his elbow, amazing. Not a bad ride.

LICKETY SPLIT

Linda Lovemore, who is said to give head better than Linda Lovelace, makes her hard-core debut in this film, and it's not disappointing. Acting depth gives way to throat depth in this pic, but when the plot isn't moving along too slowly, this has some of the best twosome and group action to be found in your neighborhood theaters. Watch for the concluding bus orgy scene — it's a comer.

THE PRIVATE AFTERNOONS OF PAMELA MANN

An all-star cast lends its talents to one of the more sensitive porn flicks of the year. Beautiful Barbara Bourbon plays the lead, and takes head (in slow motion yet) better than Linda Lovelace. Georgina Spelvin and Jamie Gillis are also present in this extremely well-made adult fantasy which relies on a modicum of storyline, good music, fine bodies and sensual shots. A sure bet for any afternoon.

PORTRAITS

Jerry Damiano's latest picture curiously appears without credits in many cities, apparently due to fear of prosecution under the Nixon Supreme Court. The excellence Damiano has come to stand for falls a little short of its potential, but the film makes up for most shortcomings by featuring Kansas City's Singing Cocksucker, Jody Maxwell. Based loosely on *The Three Faces of Eve*, Maxwell plays a girl with three personalities. The acting is okay, as

well as Damiano's camera work; the action in the scenes where Jody sings while giving head is explicit. All in all, it's not one of the best the Porn King has put out, but better than the average flick of this genre.

FRENCH BLUE

A documentary interspersed with Felliniesque sequences, this film by Danish filmmaker Lasse Braun about the filming of one of his films, falls just short of being excellent — the only drawback being a redundancy which tends toward ennui in the end. The end belongs to one beautiful Brigitte Maier, who is throughout the film, trying to take two cocks into her ass at one time. The singular theme gets a bit clinical by film's finish, but Maier is something to look at. Unfortunately, her creamy looks

are never used to their best advantage and her dialogue, consists of a few grunts as she takes directions from Braun. The out-takes from earlier Braun film are often funny, often erotic (such as the beach scene in which an orgy takes place in the midst of layer cakes) and Braun shows a real flair for imaginative filmmaking. In the long-run, however, the film is at best a well-edited pastiche of Braun works — which is to say, that it's good, but not the best around.

DIVERSIONS

Set in the island of a young woman's mind, this innocuous picture is at best, boring. Drawn out sex scenes attempt to compensate for lack of action, the result being true boredom. No dialogue, but voice-over. Pass it over. 



"I looked up from his wife and said, 'Fred, we've known each other for over thirty years — surely you wouldn't shoot me!'"

X RATED BOOKS

For the benefit of faithful HUSTLER readers who want to know about the latest in fuck-books at their local adult bookstores, we have contracted the noted panderer of the perverted printed word, A. Roused Reader. To aid him in the review of each book, HUSTLER has created a new RATING GUIDE which will appear at the top of each critique. The system also applies to our PORN REVIEW.

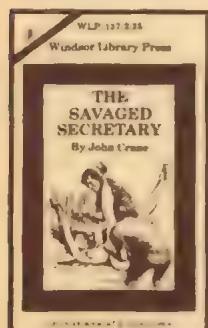
TEEN GIRLS' SEX CLUB



by Jonny Bater
Marksman (Star
Distributors) #4030
\$2.25

When Marie puts her mouth, ass, tits and anything (and everything) else on the line to get into Chester High School's "After Hours' Club," her initiation comes in spurts. So, unfortunately does the prurient plot-line of this book which barely gets it up once as Marie does her hedonistic homework. A massive blow-job which lasts for some 10 pages (for the record, 53-64) is the sole erotic highlight of this otherwise limp example of "beat-offery." All the usual snatches of sexual interaction are presented in sordid, but not satisfying, style. Although I'm not a stickler for grammar and proofreading (hell, what can one really expect from pantie prose and cock comments, anyway?) "Teen Girls' Sex Club" is a study in mistakes. Misspelled words appear between thighs, on breasts, up asses, down throats, and even in fists. After struggling through the book, one looks and feels like the guy on the cover and it has nothing to do with being sexually drained. This is one of those books which re-enforces the thought that "youth and youthful sex is indeed wasted on youth." The author's pondering descriptions of orgasms leads one to believe that there are a few virgins left in the world. If he or she (Jonny?) has ever been to bed, it was probably with a teddy bear. Poor teddy bear.

THE SAVAGED SECRETARY



by John Crane
Windsor Library Press
#137
\$2.25

Among the more common heroines ravaged on the BEAT-OFF BOOK SHELF, the secretary is usually fair meat for a masturbatory massaging of one's interest and Carrie

Bowers amply fills the bill. After a promotion prompts a blow-job (although she "wanted to feel his juice flowing into her cunt even more than anything else"), Carl, her boss and executive stud, puts it where she wants it without even a sentence's pause. Along with her promotion comes a nice little (but expensive) apartment, complete with next-door neighbor satyr and down-the-hall "lezzie." With all the action at home, Carrie never has a chance to visit the office, but she gets more work than she can cope with when her apartment (and sexual compartments) fall prey to a couple of copulating second-story men. Even the neighbors get into the act as they show up for a swing party and are so horny that they don't even bother to ask who Carrie's new friends are. So, "The Secretary" is very well "Savaged," much to the delight of the reader who comes to grips with the sticky situation more times than usual. However, for all those concerned with the plot, it tends to go off the deep end when Carl's wife shows up to blast a few of the crowd, (including Carl himself, who had previously salvaged Carrie from the bad-guys). With this, Carrie moves out and the reader moves on.

HORNY YOUNG SCHOOL GIRLS



by George Brontwood
Blue Time (Star
Distributors) #1005
\$2.25

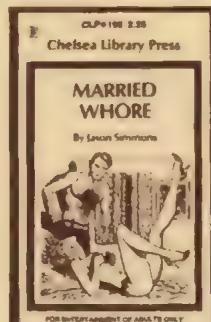
Sexual school is in session and the author of this carnal college very Blue book gets at least a passing mark in masturbatory perversity. Although written on the level of an elementary primer in public relations, "Horny Young School Girls" is the type of book in which actions speak louder than words. The coupling college in question is called West Virginia University and the courses being taught include Love 1, Balling

THE PHILOSOPHER

There is no such thing as justice — in or out of court. CLARENCE DARROW.

2, Group Sex 3, and Cocksucking 4, 5, and 6. There's little time for studying as Alan Wilson falls head-over-heels in love with fellow-student Janice Porter, who measures in at 45-21-42, and that's without her textbooks. Alan doesn't even have to carry her books for her, before she warmly responds to his advances. While Janice is indeed an "A" student in screwing, she goes to the head of the class when it comes to giving blowjobs. Indeed, much of the book, and a great deal of Alan's cock, is spent in the vacuuming confines of Janice's masterful mouth. Perhaps the most inventive oral intake occurs in Alan's car as his pride is packed into a seat belt and given a ride it will never forget. As Janice puts it, "just keep your attention on the road, and let me know if it gets to be too much for you." Once in the belt, she admonishes Alan, "don't you dare let it go soft." His reply is to the point, "your job is to keep it hard." And she does—and does she. And they say that driving and drinking don't mix.

MARRIED WHORE



by Jason Simmons
Chelsea Library Press
#196
\$2.25

One should practice holding a book open with his feet before taking on this panting pocket pleaser, because the hands are going to be kept very busy. From its first pulsating page, when Pru (short for Prudence, who delightfully does not live up, or down, to her name) starts practicing public pleasures on practically everyone she meets, this torrid text takes its place among the best that BEAT-OFF writers can bat out. Pru's a married gal who hankers for a supplemental income and doesn't really care who's "coming in" her. She's a whore, and loves every inch of it, although she'll trick with chicks, too. As for her husband, Paul, it seems that he's also on the prowl and is willing to pay for it. So as one hooks, the other does the hooking and all's well. There's even time for a little bit of love-lust between the carnal-couple, but when Pru tries to treat Paul like a John, he quickly loses interest. Of course, you should be way ahead of me, and looking forward to the inevitable meeting of Pru and Paul in the field, which grindingly occurs with the best possible results. While most of "Married Whore" kept me busy, even my pace sped up between pages 50-70 as Pru really sucks and socks it to a grunting client. Space prohibits relating the incident, but it certainly doesn't hinder my recommending Jason Simmons' sterling study in semen-antics.

LONDON (HNS) — British scientists may have discovered one of the basic, underlying reasons why males and females are different.

There is a specific, significant sexual difference in the way men and women look at and solve things, according to psychologists Max Coltheart, Elaine Hull and Diana Slater.

In three tests involving college-age students, the researchers found that women rely more strongly on verbal analysis of problems, while men more often take a visual approach.

This would apparently explain why women tend to talk more than men, the team said.

ST. LOUIS (HNS) — Five years ago there were an estimated six-million alcoholics in the U.S. Then, says Donald Goodwin, head of the Washington University Addiction Research Center in St. Louis, the federal government got into the act and began spending millions of dollars annually on alcoholism.

Today there are an estimated nine million alcoholics in the United States. It figures.

DETROIT (HNS) — The policeman's lot is generally not a happy one. His work often brings him into violent contact with robbers, murderers, bullies, rapists and other kinds of sex offenders.

Some policemen can't take the pressure, and it begins to affect their own social attitudes and behavior.

Now police are being faced with a new threat to their mental stability—criminals who are so professionally skilled it gives many cops an inferiority complex.

Detroit police chief Philip Tannian has decided that a pound of prevention could keep a shaky cop from going off the deep end, so he has established a psychiatric unit in his department to provide his force with a shrink-in-residence.

CHICAGO (HNS) — Most of the Catholic priests who have left the church in the past few years have disrobed to jump into the marriage bed, according to sociologists R. A. Schoenherr of the University of Wisconsin and A. M. Greeley of the University of Michigan.

Noting that the Catholic church in the U.S. had lost one-eighth of its priests—some 10,000—in the past six years, the two researchers found that the desire to marry was the single most important factor in their defection.

Summarizing a study of 3,045 dioce-

san priests, Schoenherr and Greeley said the church law of mandatory celibacy is exacerbating an authority crisis in the church.

ST. LOUIS (HNS) — It's finally out in the open. The aphrodisiac qualities of marijuana are mostly in the pot-smoker's head. Furthermore, whatever stimulating properties pot may have, it works differently on men and women.

This new word on the effects and non-effects of marijuana are from Wayne Koff of Washington University, who analyzed the responses of sexual experiences of 252 potted men and women.

Few of the men actually believed or reported that pot turned them on sexually, but there was a tendency for them to say they enjoyed sex more when they were stoned, Koff said.

Women, on the other hand, more often reported that while they found marijuana sexually stimulating, the enjoyment of the sex act itself was diminished.

Koff said this seeming paradox might stem from the fact that men take a more physical approach to sex and get the biggest sensual charge from actual penetration and thrusting, while women tend to emphasize foreplay and psychological buildup.

Percentage-wise, 51 percent of the men said pot increased their sexual desire. Seventy-one percent of the women said pot turned them on.

SEX BITS



HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

compiled by Richard Crownover

BALTIMORE (HNS) — It pays to be sexually attractive in most life-situations, including certain criminal activities.

To find out exactly how physical beauty relates to crime, University of Maryland psychologists Harold Sigall and Nancy Ostrove had subjects read criminal cases and also view photographs of criminals on trial.

Defendants who were pretty or handsome received more lenient treatment when their crimes were unrelated to attractiveness—burglary and so on, the researchers found.

When offenses were related to the attractiveness of the defendant, however, as in the case of swindlers, attractive defendants received harsher sentences.

MONTREAL (HNS) — Want to improve on your sexual performance, quit smoking or get over your fear of heights, or whatever?

Canadian psychologist, Peter Suedfeld of the University of British Colum-

bia, has learned that there is indeed something to the ancient Asian technique of sensory deprivation to improve or enhance both physical and mental ability.

In carefully controlled experiments, Suedfeld has found that periods of isolation, during which time volunteers do not see, hear or smell anything, hypertension is significantly reduced, drug addiction is reduced or eliminated, and sexual dysfunctions are corrected.

In one experiment involving 72 volunteers who wanted to give up smoking, 55 percent were able to do so after one 24-hour period of isolation. A control group that was not isolated managed only an 8 percent reduction.

Asian adepts have traditionally isolated themselves preparatory to undertaking arduous, dangerous or demanding tasks, from physical combat to impressing a lady with their sexual prowess.

ANN ARBOR (HNS)—Ever notice that the most dedicated lover loses some of his sex drive when his nose is plugged up?

Over and above the "blah" feeling that usually accompanies a head cold, men may experience a loss of libido when their olfactory system is out of whack, according to experiments conducted by University of Michigan neuroscientists, J. Bradley Powers and Sarah Winans.

Working with male hamsters, the two scientists have learned that the animals will continue to copulate after their sense of smell has been removed, but when the whole olfactory system is removed, copulation ceases altogether.

Reason for this, the two say, is apparently the fact that nerve impulses can no longer pass through the nasal tubes to the hypothalamic region of the brain, where the "sex center" is located.

GREENVILLE, N.C. (HNS)—Over 90 percent of the young people in the U.S. who date and then marry don't really find out what the other person is like until the legal knot is tied, according to East Carolina University sociologist David Knox and family relations expert Frances Knox.

Learning that most couples spend their courtship days talking about such non-consequential things as movies, singing idols, their friends, politics, etc., the Knoxes have devised a course aimed at helping courting couples prepare for marriage.

The greatest discrepancies in things between couples were in the areas of

SEX BITS

sex, drinking, the use of money and religion, the Knoxes found.

The Knoxes crash course in marital arts includes developing sample household budgets, visiting each other's parents and churches, and taking a four mile hike on a cold morning, before breakfast.

Students who have taken the course so far approved of everything except the hike. The Knoxes surmised that the pre-breakfast marathon was too short to bring out the "unseen side" of the potential partners, and are thinking about increasing the distance to eight miles.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)—The number of marriages in the United States is going down and the number of divorces is going up, according to new figures from the National Center for Health Statistics.

The marriage rate in 1974 was 10.5 per 1,000 population, a decline of 3.7 percent from the previous year. The divorce rate last year was 4.6 per thousand population; 4.5 percent higher than in 1973.

In 1962 the divorce rate in the U.S. was only 2.2 per 1000 population.

BUFFALO (HNS)—Men may not go through a menopause but many of them do become victims of a middle-age crisis that can be seriously damaging and occasionally fatal, according to Michael Farrell of State U. of N.Y. at Buffalo.

This crisis, Farrell said, usually occurs between the ages of 38 and 48, and is triggered by such events as one or both of the man's parents dying, his children leaving home (raising questions as to why he should stay tied to his wife), the realization that he is going nowhere in

THE PHILOSOPHER

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law. GOLDSMITH.

his job and that he will never be financially secure.

Farrell said there were three types of men who suffer from some degree of middle-age crisis: those who show signs of extreme frustration and are aware of it; those who have had a crisis and overcome it; and those who are suffering from crisis but deny it.

Men who deny that they are suffering from middle-age crisis are the most dangerous to themselves and others, and usually come in two types, Farrell said.

One is the strong, silent type who smothers his frustrations and becomes alcoholic or develops ulcers or heart trouble. The other is the Archie Bunker type who blames the outside world for his own inner turmoil.

TEL AVIV (HNS)—The sexual activity of pregnant women, once taboo because of "reverence" paid to the concept of "the carrier of the species," has now been brought out in the open by a team of Swiss researchers at a Tel Aviv convention.

Not surprisingly, some women enjoy sex more after they are pregnant; others less. The criterion seems to be that women who are happy with their pregnancy enjoy sex even more than usual, while those who are unhappy report an opposite reaction.

The husband's reaction to a wife's pregnancy and his attitude toward having sex during pregnancy are also important factors, the researchers said.

The most interesting data to emerge from the study was the frequency with which Arab and Jewish women had sexual intercourse before and after pregnancy.

The Arab women in the study had sexual intercourse on the average of once a day before pregnancy as well as after pregnancy, up to the last month, by which the frequency had dropped to once or twice a week.

Jewish women, on the other hand, had sex an average of five times a week before pregnancy, with a comparable reduction as their pregnancies progressed.

Other cultural differences revealed by the survey: women who like to engage in different kinds of sexual activity and use more than one position enjoy sex more than women who insist on using only one position.

Finally, all of the women in the study began having sex again shortly after giving birth, but none returned to the frequency that prevailed before they became pregnant. 



ADVISE & CONSENT

continued from page 12

orgasm in. The thing is, I don't know if I like it with her on top all the time. I don't feel too much like a man that way. Aren't I the one who's supposed to be on top?

John Evans
Jacksonville, Florida

The sexual positions considered "normal" are all determined by the society or culture we live in. It just happens that in our society men like to be "on top" of things. In India, though, the woman on top is considered the most natural position, and you probably couldn't drag a man out from under her if you paid him. In other areas of the Orient, the most predominant position is for man and woman to screw side by side. Some anthropologists have suggested that the original position for all humans was for the man to mount the woman from the rear, which we call "dog-style" and which many animals do to this day.

So as for who's "supposed" to be on top — nobody's supposed to be anywhere. You just do it the way you like it. As far as your not feeling too much like a man — that's your hang-up. You're letting society

tell you what's like a man and what isn't. Why is it so important to you to "feel like a man"? You're a man regardless of what you feel. And as far as what's wrong with your girl — nothing, she's just doing it the way she likes it.

Actually, sexologists point out that the woman-on-top position provides added stimulus to the clitoris, indicating it might be the most natural position after all. At any rate, that explains why your girl only has orgasms in this position. She's just not getting enough contact with her clitoris when you're on top, and the clit is the old pleasure button.

Many men claim it's most pleasurable when the woman is on top. Why don't you just forget your hangups and relax and enjoy it?

My girlfriend works at a large firm where a lot of men are present. I don't mind too much that she still wears short dresses, though they really aren't in style any more, but the thing that bothers me is that she refuses to wear panties. Wear them, hell, she doesn't even own any. I've insisted that she get herself some, and I've taken her to a store and offered to buy them myself if she'll just pick out which ones she wants. She only laughs and says I'm being silly. She says it feels better without panties and she

enjoys her work more. She even admits that it turns her on when other men are staring at everything she's got, but she says I'm the one who reaps the rewards since I'm the only one she screws. Still, I can't get used to the fact that she exposes herself to so many men. I'm bothered that my girl is such an exhibitionist. What should I do?

Name Withheld by Request
Detroit, Mich.

Stop being so uptight about your girl being able to find some degree of freedom. If you realized how many men complain because their chicks are too hung-up to openly show their bodies, you'd realize how lucky you are.

If she enjoys exposing herself, let her enjoy it. Why should you make a big deal out of something that does no one any harm? She's learning to appreciate her body and, like she says, you're the one who reaps the rewards. It's only natural that she would get turned on by other men staring at her. Any woman would.

Some sex therapists have recommended for women to deliberately expose themselves in order to get in touch with their bodies. Women who don't mind showing what they've got tend to become more sexually responsive than women who are uptight about it.

Panties are going out, anyway. Fewer and fewer women wear them, so your girl is only in style. Besides, it's healthier without them. It's a fact that panties contribute to unpleasant vaginal odor and, by preventing the free circulation of air in that area, they contribute to many vaginal infections.

You should liberate yourself and cheer your girl on for knowing where it's at!

There's no reason for you to fear that she'll be going to another man. If the relationship is emotionally stable, few women go to other men for sexual reasons alone. It could be, however, that her not getting enough sex is due to some kind of emotional insecurity rather than physical frustration. Perhaps you just need to reassure her that you love her and care for her as a person. Be more physically affectionate in non-sexual ways. And if she's not special to you in an emotional sense, then why do you care whether she goes to another guy or not anyway?

My ten-year-old daughter is a real tomboy. She tags around with a bunch of boys and is a super baseball player. Is this a sign that she has lesbian tendencies?

Betty O'Donnell
Danbury, Conn.

On the contrary. Little girls who are tomboys usually grow up loving men and turn out to be satisfied and satisfying heterosexuals. It's because your daughter likes to be around boys that she plays their games. The best thing you can do for her is to show her a great deal of affection and let her know she can always count on you. 



"Looks like a full moon tonight."

JANE JANE



JUNGLE PUSSY





When Jane agreed to be photographed for **HUSTLER**, it was on one condition—that she would be "captured" acting out her favorite fantasy.

Jane fantasizes being held captive by an aboriginal African tribe. "It was looking at all those **National Geographic** magazines when I was a little girl, that first turned me on a few years ago. They published some wild, half-naked tribesmen doing native dances . . . All that male nudity! I couldn't keep my hands out of my pants."

"I see myself imprisoned, under guard, in a hut. I'm used to satisfying all those hungry men before they go to war, eat, hunt, sleep, whenever they want me."

"I got so used to all those big, black cocks that when they throw me my food, which usually consists of coconuts and bananas, I need to be satisfied then and there."

"The natives find this so amusing they try to humiliate and break me. But they can't—I won't let them. I never show any pain or embarrassment. I just have to submit to their desires because I don't know what they'll do if I refuse."

"I always come when they gang-bang me. But one day, maybe I'll meet a guy in real life who can handle this. Right now, though, one cock at a time just isn't enough."









THE GREATEST PORNY EVER TOLD

by Robert Wieder

I would just like for you to know that I am not simply writing this as an ego trip or a cop out or a last-minute crawling plea for mercy, but because the question most of the persons seem to ask in the mail is: "How did you ever get involved in a thing like that?" They are naturally referring to the most spectacular and renowned of my numerous pornographic movies, the Zygote Brothers' classic extravaganza, *The Greatest Porny Ever Told*. The motion picture that made my name, "Rock" Sauff, a shithousehold word.

Doubtless you have seen one or more of my earlier and less "publicized" movies, such as *The Fuck Connection*, *The Last Picture Fuck*, *In The Heat Of The Fuck*, *Guess Who's Coming To Fuck*, *A Streetcar Named Fuck*, *Fuck The World In 80 Days*, and *Ben-Fuck*. It is because of these creations that they called me the first great male superstar of porn. And how I got into *Greatest Porny Ever Told* starts back when I was first discovered.

I never would have got into porn flicks if I hadn't been discovered by my agent, Little Jimmy Jumbo, one night when I was sitting at the counter of the San Francisco *Chicken Delight* going through leftover dinners for bone marrow. Little Jimmy is to theatrical agents what John Wilkes Booth was to actors. Little Jimmy came up and sat next to me. I almost ran out the back door.

He was five-foot-five, with thinning orange hair, a complexion like a starting block, four-inch canines, a truss-shaped birthmark, sunglasses the size of end tables, and a redwood mustache. As the columnist Heada Whopper once wrote, "Little Jimmy looks like any typical young man who would make a soapbox racer out of a coffin."

continued on page 88



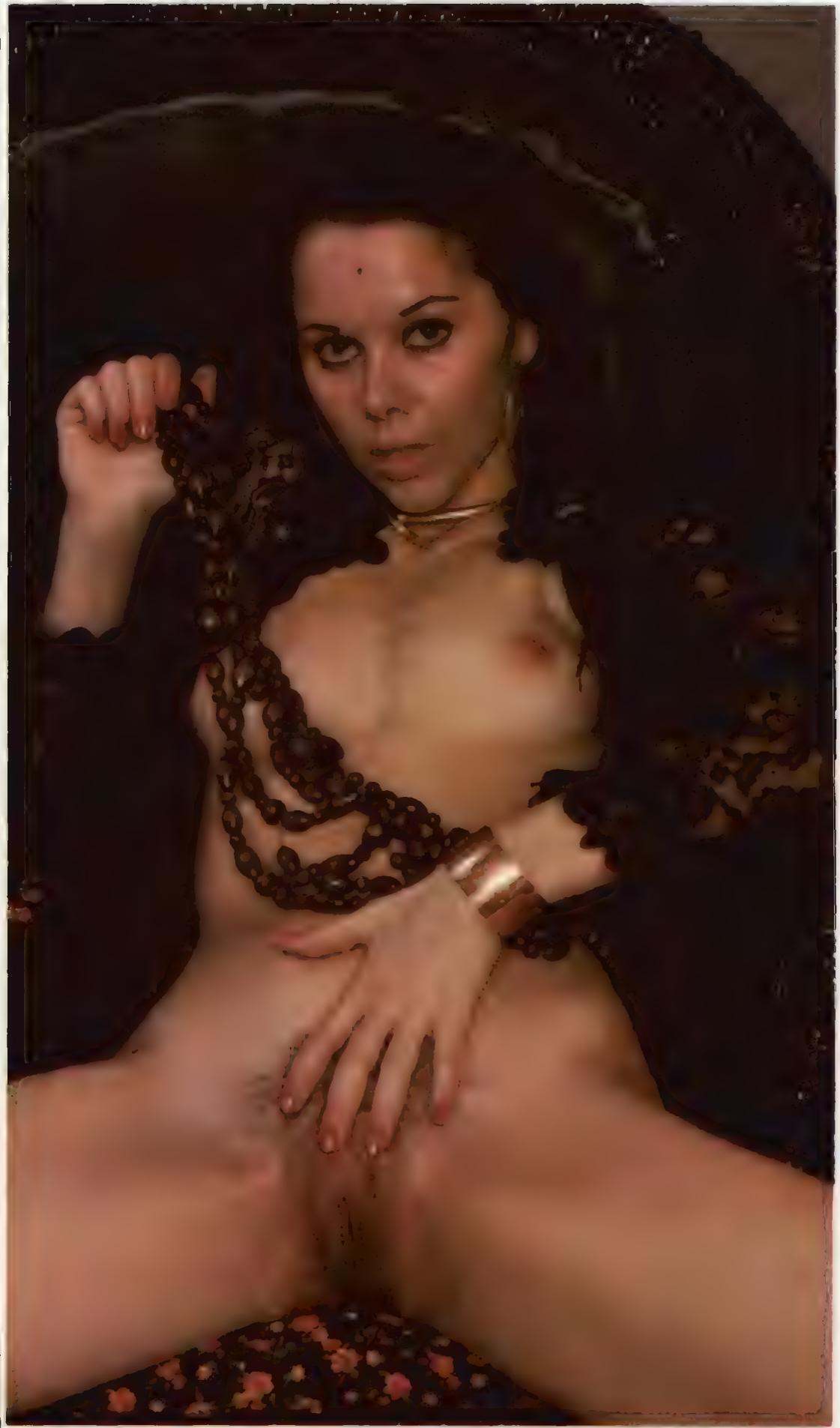
Peggy O'Neil

Off the
Wall
From
West Virginia









Peggy Hood drove into Columbus from West Virginia, and in short time was working as a Honey in the Columbus Hustler Club. She's been proving her creamy smoothness ever since — luckily for us. Peggy thinks guys in the Midwest eat pussy better than guys in the east, but she only has her own statistics to prove her point.

"I've never been eaten by a guy from west of the Mississippi," she pouts, "so my survey isn't really complete, yet." That might be something for our western readers to think about. Meanwhile, Peggy's gash grows rosier researching the truth.





"Same old story, "boy meets girl, girl meets boy's dog, boy loses girl."

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

Historians report that streaking got started when a man with hemorrhoids reached for Preparation H and used Ben Gay instead.

A young student in quest of a bite of beaver found his way into the local cathouse. Picking out the best pussy on the line, he was quickly wearing a warm, moist pair of thigh earmuffs.

After a few minutes of deep probing, he felt something buried within the luscious lady's tunnel of love and, reaching in with a finger, he proceeded to extract a round green pea. Perplexed, but not put off, he resumed his exploration and put the thoughts of the pea out of his mind. Soon, however, with a particularly strong flow of the lady's love juices, a small diced carrot came to his tongue and thereby to his attention. Once again he was disconcerted but not disinterested, and after a short session of self-doubt, renewed his lovemaking with restored enthusiasm. No sooner had he begun, though, than his tongue discovered a large chunk of potato.

Raising his eyes to the young lady, he inquired, "Hey baby, what's the matter? Are you sick?" "No," she replied, "but the guy before you was."

A well-dressed young man came into a bar and ordered six martinis to go. The bartender honored his request, and a little while later the man again came in and ordered six more martinis to go, and left again. Then the man came stumbling back into the bar about a half-hour later, obviously filled to the gills, and the bartender refused to serve him anymore, and told him he was drunk.

"Drunk," the young man slurred, "if you think I'm drunk, you ought to see my girlfriend out in the car. She has her socks on her arms and everytime I try to kiss her she farts in my face."

There was this real horny guy who needed a broad to screw right away. So, he walked into a bar and asked the bartender if he knew any horny chicks. The bartender answered, "Why sure I know a horny chick. Her name is Sandpaper Sally. She's in room 4." The young man said, "How much?" "No charge, she's on the house," replied the bartender. The guy went up to room four and he knocked on the door. As soon as the door opened, a woman appeared. "How about a screw," the man asked. "All right, come in," replied her sweet voice. After he went in she closed the door, locked it and began to undress. When they both had their clothes off, they went to bed, and he began to screw her. It was very rough inside her cunt, and it was beginning to hurt his prick. So, he finally pulled out and said, "No wonder they call you Sandpaper Sally." "Oh, I can fix that," she said. She got up and went into the bathroom. Five minutes later she came back, and he began to screw her again. "Ah, that's better," he mumbled, "what did you do?" "Oh," she said, "I picked the scabs and let the pus run."

After a woman, who had gone through eight husbands, finally died, one friend commented to another, "Well, they're together again at last."

"Which husband are you referring to?"

"Not any of her husbands," said the friend, "I mean her legs."

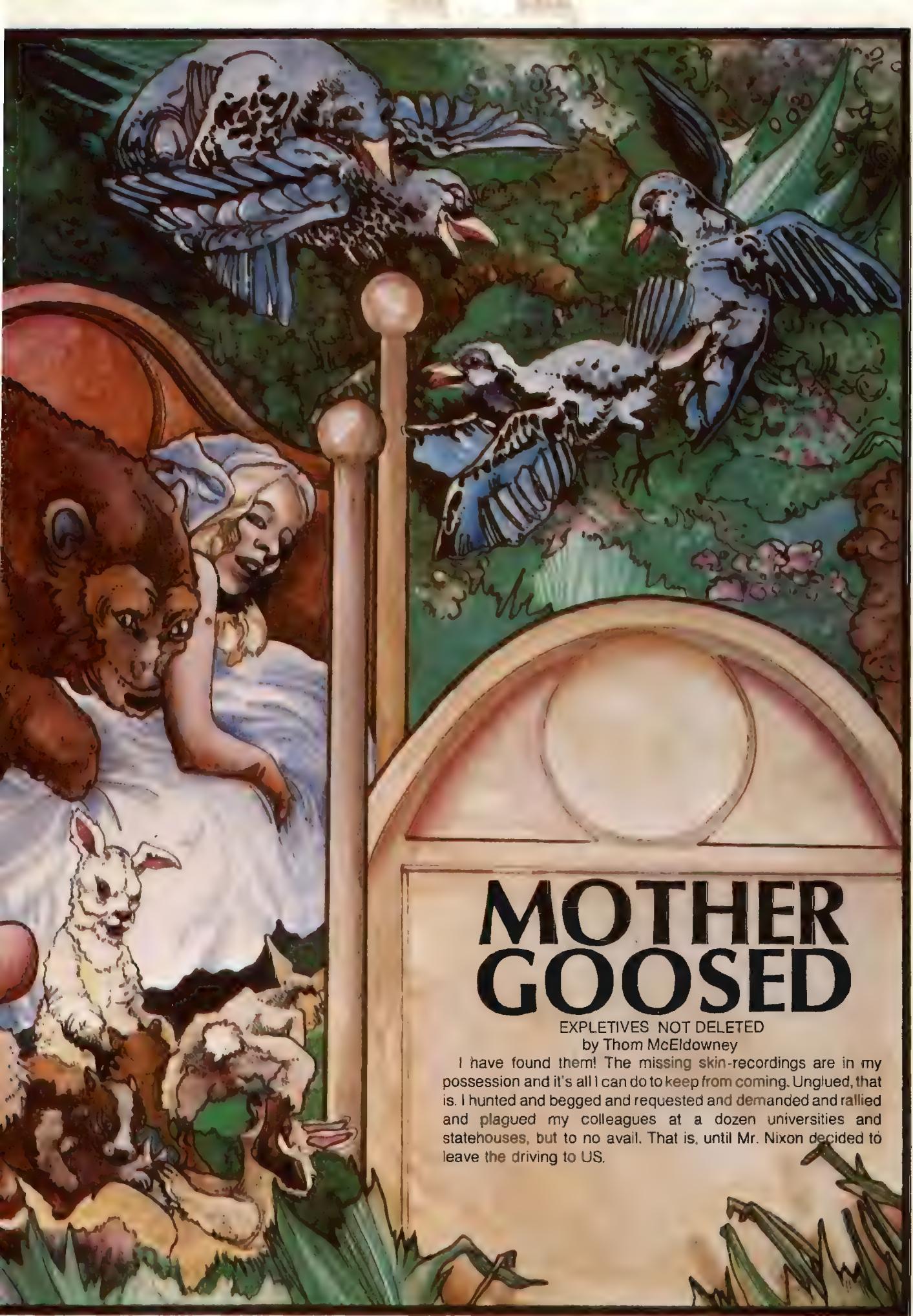
Lesbian: A pansy without a stem

Nurse: A gal that can make the patient without disturbing the bed

Panties: Not the best thing in the world, but next to it

Got a gag? HUSTLER pays *Ten Bucks* for every one we choke on. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes become the property of HUSTLER and will not be returned.





MOTHER GOOSED

EXPLETIVES NOT DELETED
by Thom McEldowney

I have found them! The missing skin-recordings are in my possession and it's all I can do to keep from coming. Unglued, that is. I hunted and begged and requested and demanded and rallied and plagued my colleagues at a dozen universities and statehouses, but to no avail. That is, until Mr. Nixon decided to leave the driving to US.

“No sooner had the three cocksuckers left, than a two-bit hooker named Goldy Lox broke and entered their house.”

Now, all of a sudden, my property has become valuable. The original, unerased, untampered with, unaltered skin-recordings of the Grimm Fairy Tales have become not only monetarily valuable, in this post-Nixonian era, but significant as anything else we have which has not been tampered with by our elders. And I have them.

The remarkable thing about the skin-recordings is their clearness. Recordings of the voice on sheep skin date as far back as the 16th Century, when we know that the city fathers of Nuremberg were among the first to be skin-recorded. Niccolo Machiavelli admonished Lorenzo de Medici in *The Prince* that “The world consists only of the vulgar,” but does not like vulgarity in their princes. Unfortunately, when the skin-recordings of one such prince were subpoenaed by Pope Paul III and the prince only sent the fur, the Pope realized he had been fleeced; but, you know your history. These days you can’t pull the wool over anyone’s eyes.

Up until now it was impossible for me to convince anyone that my discovery held importance, since it has been unpopular to attribute anything good to the Nixon presidency and the G.O.P. (Generations Of Poppycock) concerned with the Grimm tales. There will be those, I am sure, who claim that the tales we have are no more Grimm than the celebrated Watergate Tapes are accurate, because so much has been deleted in the printed text. And there I have them. I have the recordings, have played them, and at long last will fill in those seven or eight minutes with the words so abruptly removed by those who would keep us from our Constitutional right to the truth—even if it makes us gag. With these skin-recordings I have at last discovered the true meaning, the genuine feeling, the correct interpretation of the much publicized fairy tales because—and note this well, gentle reader—the expletives have not been deleted.

Work on the skin-recordings is now being carried on by seven major uni-

versities, and a couple of minor ones, since the technique of skin-recording and reproduction is nearly a lost one—and universities jump at the chance to do research on anything either lost, hidden, or useless. The technique, however, is rather simple.

Skin-recording requires spitting on sheep skin and yelling as loudly as possible into a right-handed welk during an electrical storm, while someone else rubs a glass rod over the fleece side of the skin with copper wire wound tightly around his ankles. The welk may be replaced by any adequately cleaned conch shell, but better frequency response from 20 to 80 Hz is obtained by using the right-handed welk. Dubbing is also made much easier, but I’ll discuss that with you at another time, and probably in a more technical journal than this. At any rate, three, maybe four words at a time may be recorded in this fashion between deep breaths and hockers.

Reproduction without the crude and unsophisticated equipment of the Grimm’s has been a difficult problem. And while we have succeeded at solving this problem, neither M.I.T. nor the Ford Foundation will let me divulge the method to you at this time—although I do know it has something to do with mirrors and sitting naked in front of a large doorway.

Translation from the original German has been the easy part. Since I found the skin-recordings, I got first crack at that job. With the aid of several other foundations that all wish to remain nameless, I offer you the first transcript of a Grimm Fairy Tale, with the expletives included . . .

Once upon a time there were three cock-suckers of bears: a real bitch motherbear, a real fuckhead fatherbear, and a mindless twerp babybear. They were all such antisocial badassed sons-of-bitches, that they lived the fuck off by themselves in the animal ghetto known as the forest, in a huge motherfucking’ house.

One day, hassled by the others who

threatened to beat the shit out of her, the bitch motherbear slopped together some atrocious crap called porridge and set it before the ingrates she lived with. It was too fuckin’ hot. And after she pulled her ass out of the fire place, where the father bear had kicked it, she became so pissed off at the abuse she was getting, she told her rotten ass family to go the fuck to hell. They took a walk through the ghetto instead.

No sooner had the three cocksuckers left, than a two-bit hooker named Goldy Lox broke and entered their house. Hungrier than hell, she spied the shit the motherbear had left out to draw flies and, deciding it was better than starving her ass off, dug in.

“This shit’s too hot,” she said, spitting into the fuckhead fatherbear’s bowl. “And this crap’s too cold,” she said putting out a cigarette in the motherbear’s. “But, this bowl is just fine—if you like shit.” And brushing the flies away with one hand, she ate it all up before the flies could.

After she finished gagging, Goldy Lox wiped the puke from her lips and decided to plop her butt down somewhere until the gas passed.

“This chair’s too fuckin’ big,” she said carving obscenities in the arm with her switchblade. “And this chair’s too fuckin’ big, too,” she said picking her nose and wiping snot on its back. “But, this chair is just right,” and so saying she put her scrawny ass down in the mindless twerp’s rocker.

No sooner did her cheeks touch it than it broke into a hundred pieces.

“Fuckin’-A,” said Goldy Lox, as she set the pile of splinters on fire. “My ass is whipped. Think I’ll go to bed and beat off.”

In the bedroom of the three cock-sucking bears, Goldy Lox again found some difficulty.

“This bed’s too goddamned hard,” she whined, “and this one’s too fuckin’ soft.” She got up and spit on the floor. “But, this bed’s just right.”

So saying, she stripped to her panties, crawled between the soiled sheets, and began massaging her pulsing cunt until she violently came and went to sleep.

It was then that the fuckhead fatherbear kicked the door in of his huge suckin’ house.

“Someone’s been screwing with my porridge,” he belched, clotting his bride in the back of the head with a broom handle.

continued on page 99



KATHY KEETON

WHO SAYS YOU'RE OVER THE HILL AT 50?



"This is the time of my life," says Kathy Keeton, who passed the half-century mark this past June. "I can have my pick of men, depending on my mood—the mature, experienced guy, if I'm into a sweet, leisurely fuck, or the young muscular stud, if I want a rip-snorting sweathog work-out!" After spending her career in magazine publishing, Kathy had been semi-retired in Georgia—until we asked her to pose for our centerfold. "I used to work for a magazine like HUSTLER, but not as good," says Kathy, "and I always wanted to pose for the Publisher—like many men—was hung up on teeny-boppers. That's his mistake!" We agree.

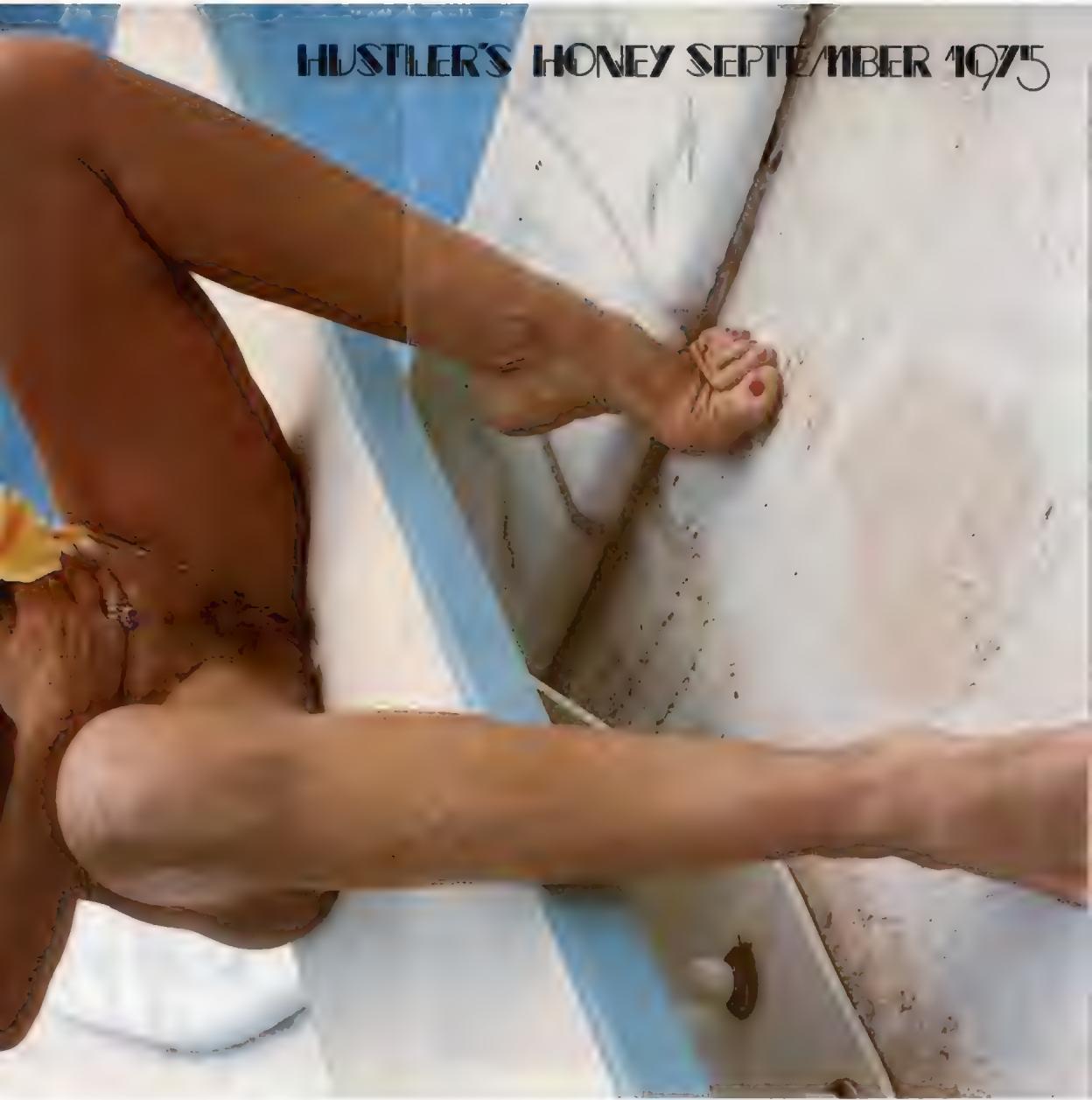
"People are always mixing me up with Doris Day. I've even had people come up to me and ask if it's true that Rock Hudson is queer—I guess it's because they think we look alike, we both have freckles, white-blond hair, and big, friendly grins. But there the similarity ends: Doris Day always plays virgins, and I shucked my virginity 35 years ago—before many of my present day lovers were born! The circumstances aren't important now—All I know is that I wanted sex then, and got it, and loved it. And I've been wanting it, and getting it, and loving it ever since!"

Kathy attributes her remarkably youthful appearance to the fact that, "I'm a Gemini, and we're famous for our ageless looks." An interest in Astrology is only one facet of HUSTLER's "Woman For All Seasons" Kathy Keeton. About the significance of our running her centerfold in what could be called the "Autumn" of her life, Kathy says, "Don't sing any 'September Song' for me—with all the sex I'm getting, I never felt so alive!"





HUSTLER'S HONEY SEPTEMBER 1975









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HUSTLER PROFILE

GEORGE C. WALLACE: FIGHTING FOR THE BIG ONE

by Wayne Greenhaw

"When George Wallace quit drinking he thought about nothing but politics and women — in that order. Since he no longer thinks about women, he's damned dangerous."

An Alabama civil rights lawyer philosophized about what makes George C. Wallace tick.

The lawyer was referring to Wallace's paralysis after an attempted assassination three years ago.

"He is the most constant political thinker I've ever seen. Sometimes he's up until the wee hours of the morning, because he's thinking about some new strategy, some new idea, or has read something that interests him, that he thinks we should get on immediately," confided a lieutenant in the Wallace National Campaign Headquarters in Montgomery.

Although physicians have left little doubt that the inveterate politician will never have feeling below his beltline, those closest to him continuously make reference to "nothing is impossible," "with the help of the Lord," and "he has the strongest will of any man I've ever seen."

His young wife, Cornelia, has stated, "It's possible we could have a child, even now with his accident. His spinal cord wasn't completely severed, you know, so that his condition doesn't rule out having another child."

During the better part of three years, after about six months of agonizing pain, serious surgery, and deep depression, he has constantly worked on his health. Every morning he spends between two and three hours in a specially built therapy room in the basement of the antebellum Governor's Mansion, which was completely refurbished after the shooting.

"He may not be able to walk, like two or three blocks, but by national convention time in 1976, I'll be willing to bet he'll be able to get up on those aluminum crutches and make it from his wheelchair to the podium. When he does, it will be one hell of an impressive sight," predicted the Wallace aide. "He's able to get around on the crutches now. He uses them every day in the Mansion, out of the sight of most people. It hurts him. He drags his feet along the floor. But he says it hurts less every time he tries."

George Wallace is trying harder than

ever before. The spring of 1975 gave him two very important gifts for his immediate political future. For the first time, Wallace appeared as the frontrunner in the field headed into the back turn in the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination. According to the Gallup poll, he was the choice of 22 per cent of those questioned. Also, after a three-day physical examination, his doctors gave him a "clean bill of health."

Less than a week after he was out of the Birmingham hospital, where a battery of tests and x-rays showed he was "okay," he was running in top form. Testifying before a committee of the North Carolina Legislature, he asked that group not to abolish the State's presidential preference primary.

Today he has a well-oiled, nationally-oriented campaign apparatus. The men behind Wallace are working around-the-clock at times, keeping up with the latest rules of the Democratic Party.

If he can take the final turn next January and head into the home stretch, with enough states holding primaries using proportionate representation rather than winner-take-all, he believes he will win "the Solid South" and a scat-

tering of midwestern and western states. He thinks he will come in second "even in some of the more liberal eastern states." If he is predicting correctly and the states allow him the portion of delegates he wins in popular votes, it is conceivable that he will lead the first ballot at the convention.

Most political experts do not see Wallace winning the Presidential nomination, but most agree that he could be placed in the Vice-presidential chair and will definitely be a muscle-flexing power dealer.

However, facing the fantastic odds, Wallace and his starry-eyed assistants are pushing headlong into the battle for Democratic delegates. And, he is getting more and more credible. Once known as a super racist, today he is working diligently to change that image. He has appointed one black to his cabinet — in the minor position of governor's coordinator of highway and traffic safety — and another has been named an administrative assistant. While he remains adamantly opposed to forced busing, he has been uncharacteristically calm about the new liberal Congress. Observers say he's waiting for the reaction of the grass roots to guide his thinking.

In Barbour County, in the Black Belt of Alabama where he was born and raised,

George Wallace is now a living legend. People who grew up with him talk about him in the past tense. Those who are older speak of him as though he were their elder.

His brother, Jack, now a circuit judge in Clayton, said that when George was 16 he was brought to Montgomery by his father who "just dumped him out in front of the capitol and told him to go to it. He hit the ground running and on his own, you might say. He had to go shake hands with all the senators and tell them, 'Hello, my name's George Wallace, I'm from Barbour County, and sure would appreciate your vote for page.'" He won his pageship, it is said, by a vote of 25-to-5.

He never weighed more than 125 pounds wringing wet when he was growing up, but John Lee Jefferson recalls, "He was the toughest little boy you've ever seen. He'd workout all the time in the school gym, bouncing around, hitting back and forth, sometimes bringing in some colored boys to be his sparring partner. He was captain of the football team and played baseball and basketball too. A short fellow like him didn't play much basketball, but he worked at it."

He won the Alabama Golden Gloves boxing championships twice. Both times

he represented the state in the Southern Regionals in Nashville.

By the time he went to the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, knowing he wanted to be a lawyer and already a politician, he had grown away from other sports. Although he worked as taxi driver, waiter, janitor, and storekeeper, he also found time to captain the college boxing team, which twice got to the finals of the Southeastern Conference Tournament.

"I've always kept in good shape," he brags today. When reporters arrive at the Mansion for interviews, he enjoys curling a pair of 30-pound weights. "I bet y'all can't do that," he jests.

But he never over-indulged in athletics. He met everybody who used his cab, ate at his tables, lived in the dormitories where he worked, and bought groceries from him.

Like the entire state, politics at the University of Alabama is a way of life. It's the main topic of conversation and the number one past-time. It's the school where the Bankheads, Hugo Black, Lester Hill, John Sparkman, and others got their political feet wet.

When he was a freshman, he beat the fraternity candidate for class president. In other school elections, however, he was not so successful. He was twice defeated for the prestigious position of president of the Cotillion Club.

After graduation in 1942, he met Lurleen Burns, a clerk in the Kress's Ten Cents Store. A quiet strawberry blonde from Northport, just across the Warrior River from Tuscaloosa, she had just finished a business school course.

During their courtship Wallace joined the Army, and after training he came back to Tuscaloosa and was married to Lurleen Burns by a justice of the peace. They boarded a train, spent their wedding night in a Montgomery boarding-house, and traveled by bus to Barbour County the next morning.

Throughout his Army career, every Christmas Wallace wrote to the folks back home. Not only did his family receive a Christmas card. He mailed one to every family in the county. Some people wondered why. After working about a year as an assistant attorney general for \$175 a month, he went home to run for the State Legislature, and everybody knew why the cards had been sent.

In the Alabama House of Representatives he distinguished himself as a follower of then-Gov. James E. "Big Jim" Folsom, a six-foot nine-inch Populist who could out-country the best of Southern demagogues. In 1947, he told a reporter,



"Do you mind if we dispense with the foreplay?"

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"People are always askin' me where I got my political ideas. Hell, I've always had those ideas. My daddy was a county officeholder. We lived in the county seat along the rail line. People was always stoppin' in on us on the way to the capital. I used to sit by the fire when I was a boy and hear them talk about state politics and elections. Naturally they was talkin' democracy and I just grew up believin' in democracy and majority rule."

Obviously Wallace listened to Folsom. He apparently liked "Kissin' Jim," who held to the unpopular belief that black people should be allowed to vote, and Wallace even worked for him during a later campaign as a speechwriter.

After Folsom left office, the new governor kept a secret file on all of the legislators. According to Marshall Frady's biography, *Wallace*, his card read: "George Wallace. Supported most of Folsom's legislation, '47 and '49. Energetic, ambitious, liberal, smart, probably will be hostile. Liquor habits: moderate. Women: Yes. Interested in legislation, re: Veterans, TB Hospitals, Welfare, Education. For appropriations, against taxes. Declined invitation to lunch at Mansion."

In 1952, he decided he no longer wished to be one member of the legislative body. He went home and ran for circuit judge. Looking back on that race, it

was only a simplified version of every other political campaign he has won. He ran against an older, more established figure named Preston Clayton, whose family was aristocratic stock. When he campaigned, Wallace shook the hands of the people, looked at them straight in the face, and said, "All the officers are going to vote for Clayton, all you privates vote for me." He said he was a little man living in a small house and paying \$20 a month rent. He said Clayton didn't need to be circuit judge.

The moment he became judge he started running for governor. He covered the state in an old Chevrolet. "I'd carry a clean shirt with me, I'd be sweating when I'd get to where I was going, and I'd take a shower in the barber shop where I'd be clean for my speech," he said.

In 1953, he became the first judge in the South to issue an injunction against the removal of segregation signs in railroad terminals.

During the 1958 campaign for governor, George Wallace was known as the more liberal of the two frontrunners. John Patterson, the young attorney general whose father had been assassinated when he promised to clean up Phenix City, "Sin City of the South," gained support of the Ku Klux Klan. After being defeated in the runoff, Wallace has been

quoted as saying, "I'll never be outsegged again."

And during the next four years he relentlessly sought the governorship.

When the U.S. Civil Rights Commission demanded a look at the voting records of the counties of his circuit, Wallace loudly refused.

An old college acquaintance, Frank M. Johnson, Jr., had been appointed to the bench of the U.S. District Court in Montgomery, and he threatened Wallace with contempt of court. Wallace flaunted the threat openly, but the widespread story was that Wallace delivered the voting records to Johnson's backdoor in the middle of the night. Wallace pleaded guilty to contempt but Johnson acquitted him, saying Wallace "did comply with the order of this court." Wallace again screamed loudly, and the press carried his comments across the country. Years later he termed Johnson "a low-down, carpetbaggin', scalawaggin', race-mixin' liar."

In 1962, Wallace was the front-runner. Edging into second place was young State Senator Ryan deGraffenreid. Wallace's down-home give 'em hell cockiness, strutting to and fro on the stages under red, white, and blue banners reading "Fightin' Little Judge," swamped deGraffenreid's more urbane appeal for good government.

Wallace gave the majority of the people in the state exactly what they wanted. As he was inaugurated governor he stood on the star where Jefferson Davis stood when he had become president of the Confederacy. He stated that "in the name of the greatest people that have ever trod this earth, I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny. And I say, Segregation now! Segregation tomorrow! Segregation forever!"

He had already started running for the Presidency.

Less than six months later he was standing in the schoolhouse door at the University of Alabama, holding up his outstretched palm to keep two black students from entering.

Shortly after "The Stand," as it is referred to by Wallaceites, the governor was invited for the first time to appear on

continued on page 68



"It's just like real butter!"

THE PHILOSOPHER

Pain and pleasure like light and darkness succeed each other. LAURENCE STERN.

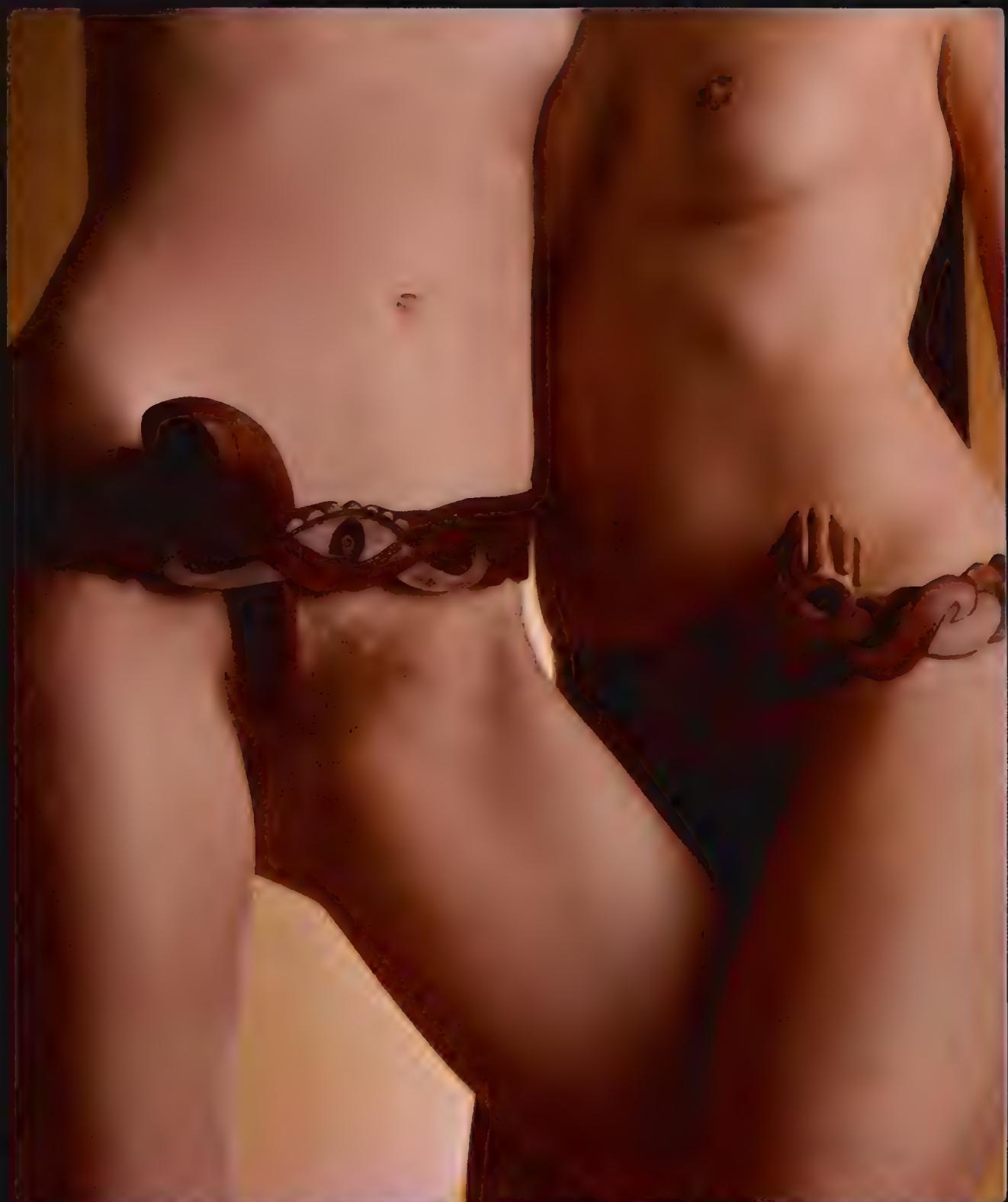


LEATHER AND PIPES



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The painted belts and crafted pipes? Great for any pair of pants, and almost any brand of tobacco, depending on your taste and affinities.



LEATHER AND PIPES



The bodies? By God, of course. You can find each of these products (and lots more), at Benchworks, 555 City Park in German Village, Columbus, Ohio.



LEATHER AND PIPES

GEORGE C. WALLACE:

continued from page 62

Meet The Press. He was accompanied by two conservative Alabama newspaper editors. Wallace badgered them on the jet ride north for "a foreign policy to tell 'em about." The next morning he awakened the men early. He paced the hotel floor. He smoked his cigar anxiously. In the taxi on the way to the television studio, one editor ripped a news column from the Wall Street Journal. Wallace read the story a half-dozen times before air time. He stuffed it into his shirt pocket. After the show, he strutted into the lobby as cocky as a bantam rooster. He lighted another cigar. He wadded up the clipping and threw it into the wastecan. "I don't need a foreign policy, boys," he said. "All they wanted to know about was niggers, and I'm the expert."

The 1964 run for the Presidency was a hit-and-miss proposition as far as Wal-

lace was concerned. He was just beginning to feel his oats on the national scene. As he became more and more practiced, it was difficult to see that he enjoyed bantering with newsmen on the 30-minute interview shows. He went to Wisconsin, Indiana, and Maryland, but he didn't go the entire distance. He pulled out just in time to allow Barry Goldwater and the Republicans to make their mark on the South—the only part of the country the Democrats didn't win going away.

He served warning on the state legislature in 1965, that he wished to have the constitution amended to allow him to succeed himself. He called the lawmakers into session. He told them he wanted to take the issue to the people. But the senators balked.

George Wallace shook his fist in their faces. When election time came, after the young legislator who ran second four years before, Ryan deGraffenreid, died in a plane crash while campaigning, Wallace announced that his wife, Lurleen, would run for governor.

Her announcement came shortly after she underwent extensive uterine surgery. Although somewhat pale, she followed her husband on the campaign

trail. Always wearing a crimson blazer and an off-white pleated skirt, she said a few quiet, well-chosen words after her husband had sparked the audiences. She won by a landslide.

Not so strange in the world of politics, the first law of her administration was one to allow constitutional officers of the state to succeed themselves.

The next year she entered the hospital, underwent surgery, and later died of cancer. Again her husband was running for President.

The summer after her death he became the first candidate in history to accomplish getting his third party on the ballot in all states. In the election he received about 10 million or 13 per cent of the vote.

He never stopped running. When election time rolled around again down in Alabama, Wallace was ready to take on the incumbent, former Lt. Gov. Albert Brewer, the nice guy who had become governor when Gov. Lurleen Wallace died. But in the first Democratic primary the Wallace bandwagon came up short. Brewer was a nose out in front.

During the six-week runoff the Wallace people resorted to age-old racist tactics. Copies of touched-up photographs showing Brewer with Black Muslim leaders were passed around the backwoods precincts. Other faked photos portrayed Brewer's daughter on a beach with black sunbathers. Using hurry-up voter registration which had become legal after civil rights groups sued in federal court, Wallace people registered thousands of older whites. Wallace covered the ground from Mobile to Huntsville. Never once did Brewer come out swinging. And Wallace won by little more than one per cent. However, to hear Wallace tell it, he received a mandate to run for the Presidency again.

He had been making one of his incredibly successful speeches in a shopping center during the Maryland Democratic primary. "I finished my speech—my voice was a bit cracked for some reason—and I started to get in my car. But there was a big crowd of people there—very friendly—lots of them wearing Wallace hats and armbands and buttons and they kept wanting to shake hands. So I pulled off my coat and went back toward the crowd, and the next thing I knew I heard five shots in rapid succession," the governor recalls.

"I was spun around by one of the shots, possibly the first—I'm not sure. I understood a woman grabbed the hand of the man as he started shooting and he



"I'm rich, I'm stingy, I hate people . . . and I'm paying you to keep it that way!"



"We have other donors, Mr. Stoner . . . maybe you should take a few days off."

was aiming right at my head, but one bullet grazed my back and then the other four hit me. Three of them at least went through my right arm and then into my body and two of them right through my body.

"I hit the ground. My wife, Cornelia, immediately fell on top of me, covering me as best she could, trying to shield me in case there was any more shooting.

"I saw the blood oozing out of my shirt. I tried to move my legs and I couldn't. I felt I was going to die and many things began to pass through my mind—like maybe if I had it to do all over again I would have been a little better man than I had been, like maybe I had some short-comings that I would have overcome.

"I asked the Lord to let me live, if that was His will. But, I said quietly to myself, 'If it's not Your will, then, please, don't let me suffer.'

"I looked around then at my wife because I wanted to see her one more time. I always had the impression that when you died, you simply faded away, and I expected that moment to begin—I wanted to see her face once again—but it didn't.

"I remember telling my wife, 'I'm paralyzed. I cannot move my legs.' She attempted to reassure me. She said, 'When this is over, I'm going to carry you

home.' She was trying to tell me, I think, that she was going to take care of me, that she knew I was going to get well," Wallace added.

The day after he was shot he won both the Maryland and the Michigan primaries. He had already captured the Florida primary. His wife and others campaigned for him in Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and elsewhere. But the Wallace machine didn't understand the reform rules of the time. The memory of that unknowledgeable period preys on his mind now, and he is determined to be sure he knows exactly what to do in the 1976 fight.

After he was paid homage to by every Democratic leader from U.S. Senators George McGovern to Hubert Humphrey to Edward Kennedy, he won his unprecedented third term as governor without opposition. By his side was Cornelia, the niece of his old mentor, James E. Folsom. And soon after he was elected the talk started circulating through the capital that she might be interested in running for governor in 1978.

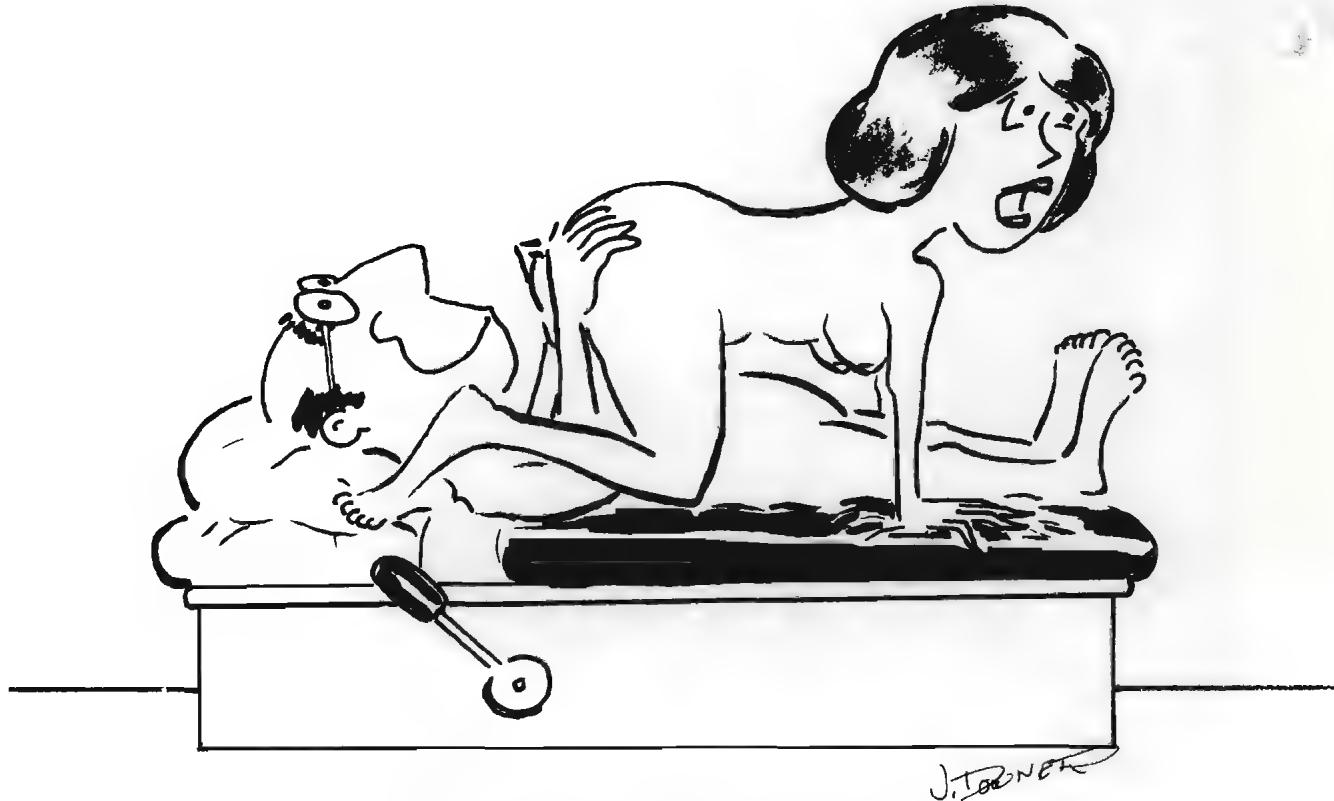
In the first six months of 1974, more than 3.5 million mailouts went into homes never before receiving a letter from George C. Wallace. During the beginning of 1975, another massive appeal for funds was made via direct mail.

The Wallace Stand, a glossy tabloid, boasts of more than a million readers per issue. In a recent issue Wallace's rhetoric was elevated to a national level: "our nation has no problem that we cannot solve if we roll up our sleeves and go to work on it. We have come through dark nights and stormy days and we emerged stronger each time."

From his wheelchair, Wallace crowned the University of Alabama's black homecoming queen and kissed her on the cheek at halftime. On another occasion he hosted a meeting with Rosa Parks, the black heroine of the Montgomery Bus Boycott of the 1950's.

"People always ask if Wallace has changed," says Joe Azbell, the overweight, chain-smoking editor of *The Stand* who has been with the governor since the beginning. "The answer is: no. Wallace hasn't changed. The mood of the country has changed. The laws have changed. In the South, we've moved 180 degrees away from our past problems. Now they (northern cities) have the problems that we once had. In the meantime, we've moved toward a new day."

And George Wallace, who has seen the inspiring movie, *Sunrise at Campobello*, the story of Franklin D. Roosevelt's fight to recover from polio, more than once, continues to work diligently toward his one goal in life: the Presidency. 



"Do you always diagnose hemorrhoids in this manner, Doctor?"



MINTSY
'A GIRL WITH JUICY SECRETS'



With the first rays of daylight peeking through the curtains, Mitsy awakes with a smile. "I love mornings," she says.

"It's a time of day when I can pamper my body and indulge in a few fantasies before I have to face the real world."

By fantasies, she means sexual. "Sometimes in all the hustle and bustle you forget you're a woman. It's important for me to feel feminine, it's satisfying when I do. I can think of no sensation more feminine than when my pussy is wet. That's why I like to masturbate in the morning. After that I'm aware of my body and my femininity for the rest of the day."

Mitsy won't reveal what her fantasies are because, "They're a very private part of my life," but suffices to say, "I have a very vivid imagination."

All in all, not a bad way to start the day.







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1. 2.

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3. 4.

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5. 6.

KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2000 words in length.

by Walter Stewart

My apartment is a virtual sound recording studio. I have invested a king's ransom in recording components. My equipment has been a good ploy for getting broads up to my apartment. I have scored many times thanks to my equipment. There is nothing new about recording sexual sounds for titillation. My plunge into this kind of recording came about quite by circumstance, but that is another story. Let me tell you about some of the fun I have had with my recordings.

Babs and I have been shacking up for the past year. I get other girls up to my apartment when she is out looking for other cocks. Babs and I have what is probably close to a perfect sexual rapport. We are totally open with each other and live our separate sex lives. I guess one would say we have no inhibitions. We talk openly about all our sexual conquests. Babs has got to be one of the hottest cunts ever.

Audio recording and sex are my hobbies. Sex is Babs' only hobby. I got the idea of recording our balling sessions on quad tape. Babs thought the idea was super. We get hot as hell and invariably fuck before the playbacks finish. It is like balling with another couple. The effect is doubly real in a dark room.

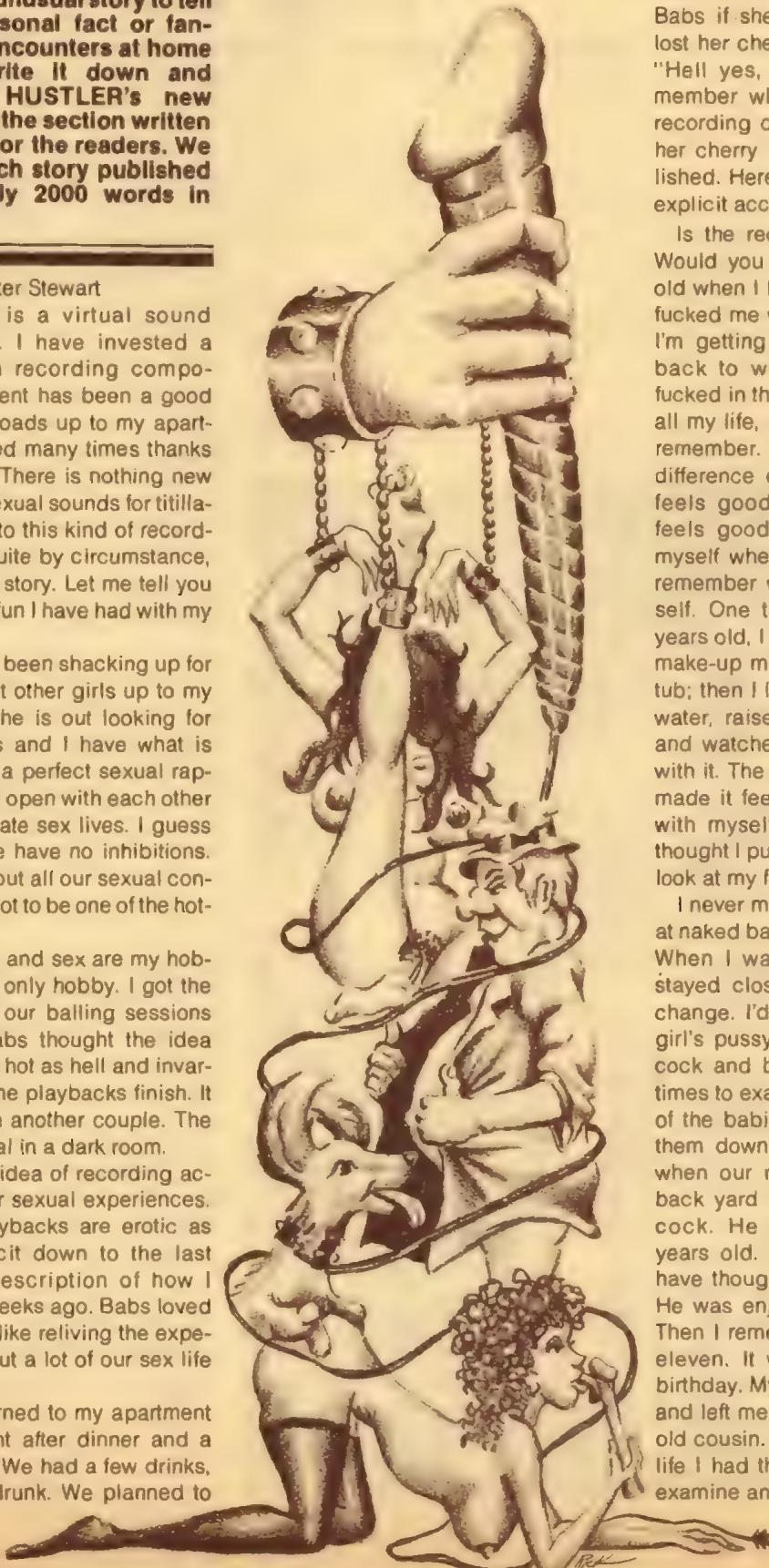
Babs hit on the idea of recording accounts of our other sexual experiences. We found the playbacks are erotic as hell. I was explicit down to the last detail with my description of how I balled a girl two weeks ago. Babs loved it. The replay was like reliving the experience. We have put a lot of our sex life on tape.

Babs and I returned to my apartment last Saturday night after dinner and a night on the town. We had a few drinks, but we were not drunk. We planned to

record one of our talk sessions. I asked Babs if she could remember how she lost her cherry. She laughingly replied: "Hell yes, I'll bet every girl can remember when, where and how." The recording of Babs telling how she lost her cherry is too erotic not to be published. Here is a direct transcript of her explicit account:

Is the recorder on? OK, here goes. Would you believe I was twelve years old when I lost my cherry? The boy that fucked me was fourteen. Wait a minute, I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's go back to what led up to me getting fucked in the first place. I've been horny all my life, at least as far back as I can remember. Perhaps I'm a nympho. What difference does it make? I know what feels good. I've always known what feels good. Hell, I was playing with myself when I was just a baby. I don't remember when I didn't play with myself. One time, when I was about six years old, I put my mom's tilt and swivel make-up mirror on the front of the bath tub; then I laid back in the warm soapy water, raised my ass, spread my legs and watched my pussy while I played with it. The warm and slick soapy water made it feel better than when I played with myself after going to bed. Mom thought I put the mirror on the bath tub to look at my face while I bathed.

I never missed the opportunity to look at naked babies when I was growing up. When I was around babies I always stayed close for the inevitable diaper change. I'd get just as horny seeing a girl's pussy as I would seeing a boy's cock and balls. I got a chance a few times to examine my little cousins. Most of the babies laughed when I touched them down there. I was ten years old when our neighbor caught me in the back yard playing with her little boy's cock. He was probably about two years old. All hell broke loose. You'd have thought I raped the little bastard. He was enjoying it as much as I was. Then I remember distinctly when I was eleven. It was just after my eleventh birthday. My mom and aunt went to town and left me to babysit with my four year old cousin. That was the first time in my life I had the opportunity to thoroughly examine and play with a boy's cock and



balls without being afraid of getting caught. That was also the first time for something else, but I'll get to that. I told Barry we were going to play doctor. I was the doctor, of course. I made him lay on the kitchen table, then I pulled his pants down. He protested at first, but relaxed when my exploring started to feel good. His little button got hard soon as I started playing with it. It was about as big as one of his fingers and just as hard. I'll never forget how my whole body pounded with excitement. My hand was under my dress while I played with him. I was fascinated by how pink and slick the head was, and how his soft balls got tight when I touched them. I changed our game. He became the doctor. I got up on the table, pulled my dress up and told him to pull my pants down. I'll never forget the sensations that shot through my body when his fingers made their first inept contact. He said I smelled funny. I told Barry we were going to play mommy and daddy. He was instructed daddies rub their pee-

pees on mommies' pee-pees. I sat on the edge of a kitchen chair, spread my legs and pulled him to me. We rubbed his hard little cock up and down the inside of my slit. He giggled and pulled away. He complained it tickled. We did it again. It felt fantastic. Then it happened. His cock accidentally found the right spot and effortlessly slipped all the way inside. I thought I'd shit. His cock was too small to reach my maidenhead. I can still remember how good it felt. I guess you'd say that was the first time I got fucked. Me, eleven years old, getting fucked by my four year old

cousin. That's funny. Wanting cock inside my pussy, after that, became an obsession.

I didn't get another cock inside me until I lost my cherry. This is what you wanted to hear about anyway. The house next door was vacant for about a year. A family named Drew bought the house and moved in. The Drew family had a fourteen year old boy named Mitchell. Mitch was a good looking kid that would make any girl's pussy twitch. He was two years older than me. I was sexually attracted to him the moment I laid eyes on him. I constantly daydreamed about how I was going to ball him. My daydreams turned into scheming. I wanted his cock between my legs more than I wanted anything else. I remember the exact date it happened. What girl doesn't? That date is important to me. It was a warm Saturday morning, July 2, 1966. Dad was at work. Mom had gone to the hair dresser, and from there she was going shopping. Nobody would be home until after twelve o'clock. I hung around the back yard waiting for Mitch to come out of his house. He finally came out carrying a trash can. He was wearing old pants cut so short his cock would have dangled in view if his jockey shorts didn't hold it up. I was wearing a thin one-piece cotton dress and pants. I was standing behind the cement-block wall that divided our property. I was excited and determined to see his cock. My hand was under my dress and inside my pants. My self-manipulation heightened my desire for him.

Mitch liked guns. It was easy to coax him into the house to see dad's collection. He was elated by the array of fire arms displayed on the den wall. I escorted Mitch into mom and dad's bedroom to see the guns dad kept there. I took the guns from the cabinet and put them on the bed. He sat on the bed and examined them. I sat in front of him. His legs were apart and I saw a bit of white jockey shorts hugging his leg. The sight damn near blew my mind. The gun I wanted to examine was between his legs. I moved over to him and put my



« I squealed with pain and fought to get him out of me when his cock broke through and slipped all the way in. »

hand between his legs to support my weight as I leaned in close and pretended to examine the gun in his hands. My arm was making contact with the bulge between his legs. I acted like I was unaware of the contact. The back of my hand purposefully slid along his cock and I sat back. My dress was up and my legs were spread enough to expose my crotch. I deliberately slid forward to make my pants tight and reveal the contour of my pussy. Mitch's cock was obviously responding to my visual treat. He changed his position to hide the growing bulge. He acted like he was concentrating on the gun in his hands, but I could tell his eyes were fixed on the damp area between my legs.

My pussy was wet with excitement. My pants were wet too. I got up and walked to the next room and peeked from behind the door as I pulled my pants down just enough to make them hang loosely. Mitch, not knowing I could see him, quickly slid his hand down his belly and pulled his cock up. He wiped something off his hand on the bedspread. The bulge under his pants was resting on his belly when I came back into the room. I was excited by the size. I sat down on the bed in front of him, put one leg on the bed and rested my arms and chin on my knee. My other leg was swinging back and forth. My dress was up around my waist. I knew my pantie-crotch was loose and each time my leg swung out he could see my pussy gap open. It made me tingle to know he was looking at it. I acted like I didn't know I was exposing myself.

I could tell Mitch was hot as I was by the way he was breathing and squirming. I watched from the corner of my eyes. He was mesmerized by my pussy and his hand was rubbing his cock. He rolled over on the bed. He was after a closer look. When he sat up his cock poked his jockey shorts out the leg of his pants.

I stopped swinging my leg so he had an uninterrupted view. I pointed and told him I could see his cock. He blushed like hell and crossed his legs. I forced his legs apart, and ran my

fingers under the leg of his shorts. His cock popped out when my hand elevated the leg band. My pussy turned wrong-side-out when my fingers slid over the full length of his tool. He didn't stop me when I pushed him back. I pulled his pants off. His cock sprang up and pointed toward the ceiling when I pulled his jockey shorts down. His balls hung between his legs. I never saw a cock that big before. It was probably six inches long. A drop of semen oozed from it when I stroked it. The knob was purple and slick to touch. His balls were soft and warm. There was a little pubic hair at the base of his cock.

He moaned while I pulled the skin up and down. His smell drove me wild. I quickly undressed, laid back and spread my legs. His fingers touched my few pubic hairs, then explored my female lips. His fingers were wet with secretion. I fondled his cock and balls while he played with me. My thoughts went back to how I got my little cousin's cock inside me. I asked Mitch to rub his cock up and down my pussy lips. My lips were dilated, wet and throbbing in anticipation of the contact.

Mitch maneuvered into position over me. We were breathing heavily. I helped him guide his cock up and down my wet slit and to the places where it felt the best. We watched the head part my lips, then easily slip between my inner lips. Mitch groaned and I couldn't hold my urine when the head of his cock nestled in my hole. I was so excited I pissed all over him and myself. The bed was wet under me. My pissing turned us on even more. The head of his cock went deeper. It was big and felt good. I pushed to get more inside.

We started a natural fucking motion. He penetrated deeper with each thrust. It started hurting something awful when his cock pushed on my hymen. I cried for him to stop and tried to shove him off. I know now that he was about to come and couldn't stop even if he wanted to. I squealed with pain and fought to get him out of me when his cock broke through and slipped all the way in. The pain quickly subsided and I started to re-

lax, then feel good. Our sweaty bodies smacked each time we slammed together. The room was full of our odor. His balls slapped my ass with each downward thrust.

Mitch screamed, moaned and vibrated when his orgasm overpowered him. I knew nothing, at that time, about boys shooting sperm when they climaxed. All I knew was that what we were doing felt better than anything else I could do, and I wanted to keep doing it forever. His sweating body melted over me when his orgasm ended. He laid on me panting for breath. I wasn't satisfied and continued the fucking motion. His cock became flaccid and my fucking motion caused it to slip out. He rolled over. I looked down and saw blood on him, all over me, and on the bed. It scared hell out of us. We begged each other not to tell anybody what happened as we washed ourselves in the bathroom.

I told Mitch I'd clean the bed covers in the bathtub with cold water and tell mom the cat got sick and vomited on the bed. Mitch left the house still begging me not to tell. I started to relax after dad's guns were back in the cabinet and the bedding was out of the dryer and back on the bed. It was then I realized I was still sexually aroused and unsatisfied. I went to my room, laid on my bed, and masturbated. The memory of the smell, sight and feel of Mitch's cock and balls was vivid in my mind. My finger slipped into my undulating pussy. I rubbed where his balls had slapped, below my pussy. I pretended my thumb was the base of his cock as I massaged my clit. At that moment I exploded with the first orgasm in my life. My finger unmercifully slammed in and out until my orgasm was spent. I laid on my bed with my finger in my pussy too exhausted to move for several minutes. I've been hooked on fucking ever since.

So ended Bab's account of how she lost her cherry. She didn't want to talk anymore anyway, because my cock was all the way inside her. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

Yes, one must suffer, even in vain, so as not to have lived in vain.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

I have come one step away from everything. And here I stay, far from everything, one step away.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

SUMMER BROWN

PORNO'S THREE-WAY: PRODUCER/DIRECTOR/ACTRESS

Sultry Summer Brown has come a long way from her early days of simulating sex for soft-core loops. Now she's moved behind the camera to become the big-time producer of the innovative porno films *Devious Girls* and *China Girl*. As soon as we heard that the profligate publisher of *SCREW*, Al Goldstein, was interviewing Summer, porn's first female producer, we asked the candid conversationalist for his probing interview to run in *HUSTLER*. Having made him an offer he couldn't refuse, Al turned over the transcripts to *HUSTLER*'s Larry Flynt.

The tantalizing result is an inclusive, revealing peek into the life of a multi-movie mogul, exclusive to readers of *HUSTLER* and *SCREW*. Summer tells how her techniques and approaches to filming and fucking differ from those of her male counterparts, and takes us behind the scenes to look at the problems and prudence of producing hard-core porno.

HUSTLER: We're interviewing a very unusual person in the porn film industry: a woman who's intelligent—that's immediately a complete rarity—and one who's very pretty, which is not as rare because we're talking about sex objects, and one who is the producer of a wonderful fuck film called *China Girl*, which was rated 100% on the Peter Meter. First of all, tell us how you got into porno.

SUMMER BROWN: Well, I got into it many, many years ago. I guess around ten or eleven years ago when I did loops to work my way through college. I did them in New York City. This was the budding age of porn. They weren't very hard-core, and they were not very well made, either. And I was young, so I didn't really know what was happening, but I thought about it afterwards and I thought, "Gee, you know, that could have been so much better." And that was that, and I let it ride for I guess around nine years. In the meantime, my husband was writing scripts for a hard-core film producer in California, and wrote a really good script, and asked for a price and wasn't given it. He was really pissed off about it, and he came home, and I said, "Look, you know how to write and I've been behind the camera—in front of the camera—so I know what's supposed to happen. Why don't we do it together?" So we took whatever money we had and put it in, and then, when we found out that wasn't enough, we raised the rest and did our first film, which was called, when it first opened, *The Venus Trap*, and is now playing in New York as *Devious Girls*. It's on a double bill with *Lady Freaks*.

HUSTLER: When you made loops was that just doing spreads and stuff?

SUMMER: Yeah. That was basically rolling around on a bed and moaning and . . .

HUSTLER: Putting things in your pussy, too?

SUMMER: Yeah.

HUSTLER: Have you done any hard-core yourself in front of the camera?

SUMMER: No.

HUSTLER: Would you?

SUMMER: Yeah, maybe if you'd caught me a couple of years ago, I might have, but now I'm really into the business end of it, and that's so much more interesting to me.

HUSTLER: What do you think of the porno actors and actresses that you've worked with?

SUMMER: Well, generally, I get to know everyone pretty well long before we start rolling the cameras. And it is important for us to have adults, people who take direction and understand that we're past the stage of just one person rolling around on a bed and not saying anything. And so we try and get intelligent people.

HUSTLER: Do you think it's difficult to find intelligent people in porn?

SUMMER: I would say it's as difficult as finding a really good secretary or a really good

accountant. If you look around, you can find them. I guess it's a little bit harder in porn because you want someone who's professional, who's an actress, who can project on screen. And most of those people don't want to get into porn because they're afraid that they're not going to move forward. They'll just get stuck in a rut, so to speak.

HUSTLER: Do you think you're possibly getting people who are intrinsically more self-destructive in the porn film field because of the quasi-legal nature of the business? People who are a little more flaky, who are acting out their own neuroses, rather than professionals?

SUMMER: In some cases, yeah, but I think that, because of the new swing that porn has taken, where women are actually becoming famous—Georgina Spelvin, Marilyn Chambers, Linda Lovelace have actually got names—whether or not they're acting in legitimate films now is not important. They are famous. They are national heroes, or heroines. It's become a little more appealing to be in a porno film because there is that possibility, that if you're good looking enough, and if you have enough presence, and you're interviewed by magazines like *HUSTLER* or *SCREW*, maybe you'll get someplace.

HUSTLER: You've hit the big time.

SUMMER: Exactly!

HUSTLER: While you're making a movie, if one of your actresses gets sick, would you step in and fill her role?

SUMMER: I suppose if it was an emergency and I had to save the film, yeah. I'm not particularly into it. I'm not into performing. I have a job that I do on the other side. And it's interesting. I'm always asked if I would appear in one, whereas I'm not sure if my partners would, who are both men.

HUSTLER: I would think it's valid. I mean, why will Jerry Damiano only do a vignette, and not be a cock? We're talking about male fear, and a certain looking down upon what's taking place on screen.

SUMMER: Every once in a while, while we're filming, I say, "God, that scene looks like it'd be fun to be in." But our films are structured, and you've got a face and she's a character. And putting my face in there changes the whole thing. Then we might as well make a series of little loops, and I'm one of the loops.

HUSTLER: Do I detect a reluctance, a kind of condescension towards appearances in fuck films?

SUMMER: No, I don't feel any condescension at all.

HUSTLER: Because when you were making loops, they were really very tame by today's standards.

SUMMER: Yes. So was I. That was eleven years ago.

HUSTLER: How long have you been married?

SUMMER: Eight years.

HUSTLER: Does your husband feel he's married to a movie star? Or a creative director? How does he see you? As a sex object? Sex symbol?

SUMMER: No. For someone his age—he's, I guess, 33—and brought up the way we all were, I think he has a very good attitude toward

me and my femaleness and who I am and that I am not a sex object. He gets a little bit of a kick out of those pictures. We don't obviously take them out every night and look at them.

HUSTLER: How is your sex life? Are you two into heavy fucking? Are you like typical married people: you fuck once a week, only because after six days you figure, gee, it's time to fuck? What kind of relationship have you two established?

SUMMER: A superb relationship. I would say we went through a period where everything was kind of normal as far as married people go, and it wasn't very exciting, and doing what we're doing now has kind of opened up total vistas. I'm a far more creative person sexually than I ever was before.

HUSTLER: In what way: What do you do now that you didn't do, say, three years ago, when you were just a humdrum piece of ass?

SUMMER: I've never been a humdrum piece of ass! I've always been a fabulous piece of ass. Well, I'm a much better actress. I mean, I know exactly what my man likes, and I can carry it off, where there was a time when I would be very embarrassed to kind of strut around in a half outfit just to get him aroused. And now I can do it. If you were going to film it, it might be a good scene.

HUSTLER: Does your acting include feigning orgasm and feigning ecstasy?

SUMMER: No, there's no point in feigning an orgasm.

HUSTLER: So your acting is limited to foreplay and seduction?

SUMMER: Right, and then it's his problem. Then he's got to get me off.

HUSTLER: Do you think women are really good sexual aggressors?

SUMMER: No, I think it's a 50-50 thing. I think given a chance a woman's a good aggressor. Most men, unless you've been with them a long time, the first time you ball them, they've got to be the aggressors. Otherwise a man feels kind of squashed; his ego's a little hurt. But after you've been balling a man for a period of time, then it's a nice variety, and also a lady would get

SUMMER: We have grown together. Because we are so nasty together that I don't need anybody else. To develop the relationship that I have with my husband would take a long, long time. You can always get off balling someone once. That's a total mystery. But to keep on going, after a while, it's not exciting unless you start to know the person, know how they think, and then you know special little things.

HUSTLER: You don't swing?

SUMMER: No, I don't swing.

HUSTLER: Do you cheat?

SUMMER: No, I don't.

HUSTLER: Did you ever cheat?

SUMMER: No.

HUSTLER: Does your husband fuck around?

SUMMER: No, I don't think so.

HUSTLER: Isn't it natural for him? He's obviously a lusty guy, you're a lusty woman. Wouldn't you want fresh cock? You don't eat at only one restaurant. We don't want to put you on the defensive for being monogamous, but you *should* be on the defensive for being monogamous.

SUMMER: I think it's very rare that I am monogamous, and I would say maybe once a year I get that urge. But I also have something very precious at home, and I see no point in endangering it.

HUSTLER: What is your religious background?

SUMMER: I'm Jewish. They're the hottest, aren't they?

HUSTLER: We Jewish guys know that isn't true. It's the Italian women who are the hottest.

SUMMER: Someone told me that if we called *China Girl* "Jewish Girl," no one would come and see it at all.

HUSTLER: Do you masturbate out of the marriage?

SUMMER: Who doesn't?

HUSTLER: Okay, but in other words, there are times you do get horny when he's not around. Can't you call some stud, who's maybe been in one of your films, a guy'll come in and service you. It might be fun. I'm saying it won't diminish the relationship.

I've never been a humdrum piece of ass!
I've always been a fabulous piece of ass!

off on it if she's that type of person. Most of my friends are—aggressive.

HUSTLER: Are you easily brought off? How would you describe your sexual drive? High, low, medium?

SUMMER: I don't really know. I don't know much about other women. I don't have 30 orgasms at a time, and depending on how expert my lover is depends on where I come off.

HUSTLER: I would assume that you're not into a monogamous relationship.

SUMMER: I am in a monogamous relationship.

HUSTLER: Why? Have you been that way for years with him?

SUMMER: For years.

HUSTLER: How do you avoid boredom?

SUMMER: I think that it would have some effect on the relationship, either in my head or his, if he ever found out.

HUSTLER: Suppose he appeared in a fuck film. Suppose he was making it with one of your actresses—the star of *China Girl*, Annette Haven, a very lovely girl.

SUMMER: No, that's a different thing. First off, if I'm there and I'm watching, or he's there and he's watching, then we have shared it together in any case, and when we go home later on—

HUSTLER: Then you can dig group sex, because the same attitude applies. You're sharing it together; you're all in the same room, watching. But you don't dig group sex.

SUMMER: I didn't say that.

HUSTLER: Aaaaaaaah! You said you don't swing, but you fuck each other in group situations?

SUMMER: On occasion. It's not a "Well, we've got to go out tonight and ball the neighbors." But if it happens and it's natural and it's the right person. It's also not a random "Let's get some chick off the street and bring her up here." It's always been a dear friend.

HUSTLER: If the mood hits you, you and your old man are going to ball others? You really weren't indicating that.

SUMMER: Well, you didn't ask me specifically. I don't volunteer, you know.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that sex on screen tends to be dehumanizing? The actresses that we've met have seemed to be emotional cripples, sexual performers and exhibitionists who lack depth and intelligence.

SUMMER: Well, you're from New York, and I'm from California, and they're two different scenes.

HUSTLER: Well, you don't think that on-screen sex is mechanistic, and that a person who becomes involved in mechanistic sex loses something emotionally in terms of their ability to relate to other people?

SUMMER: Well, I'm sure you've watched these films being done, and we're talking about arc lights and six people standing around and gaffers and two cameras running and a little bit of noise and—



HUSTLER: What I'm saying is that it carries over to the person's personal life. That these people off-camera are very much the same as they are on-camera.

SUMMER: Oh, no. After Annette's heaviest day, Eddie, my husband, said to her, "Well, you must be exhausted." She says, "No, I'm just warmed up and I can't wait to get home."

HUSTLER: Do you find that the people you are working with, because you're supposed to manipulate them to be human beings, are only feet of clay, heads of clay?

SUMMER: In some instances, yeah, and in a lot of our extras that was the type of person we were dealing with. But San Francisco, which is where we filmed, is so close to Hollywood that some of that magic seems to come up there.

And these people have a goal, and that's to get themselves down to Hollywood.

HUSTLER: That's not a realistic goal, is it?

SUMMER: In most cases, it's not. Every once in a while there is somebody who can do it.

HUSTLER: Okay. Most feminists, most women, hate fuck films. How do you perceive them, as a woman?

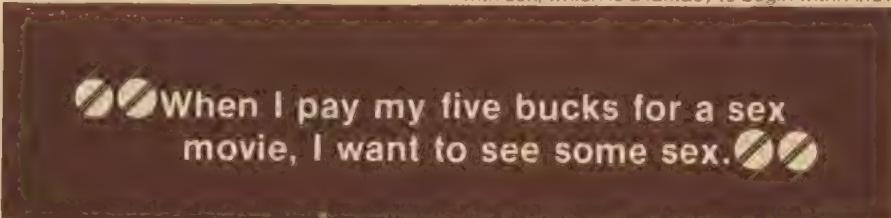
SUMMER: When we first came to San Francisco, my husband, who had written several dirty books, got a job doing a survey on hard-core pornography. We were given free passes to every hard-core movie theatre in the city. And for two weeks we did nothing but go see hard-core movies. And I was really disappointed. The first one was the first one I'd seen, so we can't count that one. And the second one we got involved in the theatre, so we can't count that one. And after that I started looking at them objectively. For a woman, they're far too explicit. I think a woman's approach is more cerebral. All she needs is the idea, and you can present the idea: there's a woman lying on a bed, and a strange man walks in the door, and he's going to do her. And that's all you have to see, and at that point a woman can leave the theatre and get off at home, by herself.

HUSTLER: Isn't that true for men, too? These close-up of genitals, they really do nothing for me

SUMMER: Well, it's become like the standard of the industry. We're told, "You gotta have 40 minutes of close-ups of open-heart surgery, and you gotta have at least three come shots, and . . ."

HUSTLER: Pulling out. How did you as a woman react to what I hate, the ultimate, repugnant cliche, the guy pulling his cock out to come? The wet shot. You have wet shots in *China Girl*.

SUMMER: Well, in the particular scene that we have it in, it happens to be a handjob, so there's no other place it's going to go, except out in the air. And my feeling is that if it—yeah, I kind of like them.



HUSTLER: How come? You're talking about, as a woman, you don't like explicit—

SUMMER: Well, because we're getting so graphic, and you might as well see the culmination. A woman, you can't tell if a woman's gotten off or not. But I personally think it's very exciting to watch a man get off. There's living proof for you. But then I'm a nasty woman. Most women don't like that.

HUSTLER: What do you mean by nasty?

SUMMER: Well, some very far-out ideas. Damiano did one movie that had what I believe is called water sports, which I had never seen before. And in that same movie he had a really well done handjob. He gets right in there, and he photographs sex very well. It's stuff I hadn't seen before on film. Everybody has seen

fucking and that gets pretty boring after a while. But if it's a little more stand-off relationship between two people, it's not just slap your bodies together, and it's just a hand and a genital . . .

HUSTLER: Okay, how did you react to the film *Mona*?

SUMMER: *Mona* I guess was the beginning. It's the first one that I saw that I thought, "My God, someone's actually making an effort to make a better film." And then the next one that I saw was *History of the Blue Movie*, where there were a couple of sequences that I personally get off on. And I also felt the whole thing was happening.

HUSTLER: A lot of women hated *Deep Throat* because it's always the guy getting his cock sucked. Not enough pussy eating. Pussy eating is almost secondary in fuck films. I hardly see it. Do you feel that the films have been so oriented to the male?

SUMMER: Oh, absolutely. Yes, they're totally oriented to the male. And I agree that there is not enough cunnilingus. And if it is done, it isn't very well done.

HUSTLER: Why isn't it well done?

SUMMER: I've only seen it well done once, in *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*. The very last scene.

HUSTLER: Great. I got seven hard-ons watching that fucking scene. That was magnificent. Okay. So as a woman, here you are involved in terms of not being in front of the camera, as a piece of ass, but you can actually affect the movie being made. So you make one change: you add body makeup. Why?

SUMMER: Well, we're dealing with an illusion. Film is an illusion, and you're creating something, and any awkward movement breaks that illusion, and there you are, back in a movie theatre. If you can keep that illusion going, the audience becomes involved in that lack of reality. And I think body makeup is extremely important because we're dealing with sex, which is a fantasy to begin with. And if

it's a fantasy, it's perfect. And body makeup makes a body perfect. The skin is luminous, and rich-looking, there's no blemishes or marks.

HUSTLER: There's nothing worse than a pimply ass.

SUMMER: Up till this point, they've been schlocked out. Now, that's not all of them. I'd say that in the past three or four years there has been a lot more care taken and it all depends on how many people are involved and where they're at, as far as the creative process goes. How perfect they want to be. And perfection takes time and money. So you have to weigh that, too. In a lot of cases, you'll say, "Oh, put him on!" and he's got pimples on his ass, and that's the scene. We try to make every scene

perfect. I mean, you're spending so much money per minute. You know, \$1000 a minute. It just might as well be a perfect minute.

HUSTLER: Where do you think porn films are going? Where do you want to go in the future?

SUMMER: Well, we are doing another one now, and we would—this sounds so pretentious—we'd like to make it a kind of classic, one that is timeless. *China Girl* is in a time period, it's 1970's. And we would like to make one that is kind of universal and has extremely exotic, unusual sex with no long shots, and really beautiful, attractive people. And enough of a plot so you can feel there is a plot, but not to interfere with the flow of the sex scenes. We'd like to take up pretty much where *Emmanuelle* left off.

HUSTLER: When do you think you're going to come to grips with something that other filmmakers are afraid of: you will, in your own film, deal with lesbianism, but when are you going to have a guy go down on another guy?

SUMMER: Well, now you're talking to me as a businesswoman, and that's not the market I'm dealing with. And most men who I am making movies for do not want to see that, because if they did, they'd be going to the gay theatres, not to mine.

HUSTLER: Your relationship—you have a threesome. It's a woman, right?

SUMMER: M'mm-h'mm.

HUSTLER: Okay, now what if you said to your husband, "Listen, I'd like you to suck cock in front of me. The way you enjoy seeing me eat another woman, I want to see you suck cock." Now, how would your husband respond to that?

SUMMER: Ah, he'd say, "You arrange it, baby."

HUSTLER: Your husband is interested in homosexual experiences?

SUMMER: Not particularly, but if I told him that I would get off on it. We've talked about it. I know he would do it. It's just for me to get it arranged.

woman, you should know.

SUMMER: I'm not giving away my trade secrets.

HUSTLER: How do you like to be eaten? Do you like your clit licked, or sucked, or chewed on? How, specifically?

SUMMER: I don't know. It's a delicate blend of all of the things you just said, and it's just got to be done right with a great deal of sensitivity as to who I am and how I am feeling.

HUSTLER: Would you direct a man who's eating you? Would you say, "A little more tongue, a little more—?"

SUMMER: Sometimes I do. I am not terribly verbal. Sometimes the things that you say while you're making love are very pregnant. They just kind of drop there, and if the person that you're with is not into being verbal or didn't understand what you said, or you said it with too much throat and he couldn't hear you, it doesn't work.

HUSTLER: What happens when your husband says, when you're making love, "Suck it hard." I mean, do you want it gross, or do you want it romantic?

SUMMER: Oh, depending on my mood. Sometimes I like it gross and sometimes romantic.

HUSTLER: Eat it, baby! Suck my cock! Do you like being dominated? You said your husband's really strong.

SUMMER: I like being dominated, and I also like dominating. I think that you take turns.

HUSTLER: Does he want to be raped sometimes—have you sit on his head and just sort of fuck his tongue?

SUMMER: Sure, sure. Don't you?

HUSTLER: Of course, but I'm weird. I don't know what's normal.

SUMMER: You've got friends.

HUSTLER: Umm . . . I'm lost! What do you think of the feminist movement?

SUMMER: I think it's a good thing. I mean, I'm female. I have never been particularly oppressed, although I find little things that I do or think that were taught to me when I was very, very young and I've never thought otherwise,

movies for admittedly fucked-up males?

SUMMER: Well, you're opening on the premise that I am exploiting women. Which I don't think I am.

HUSTLER: You're exploiting men's own ignorance.

SUMMER: I'm exploiting everybody. Everybody exploits everybody. You sell what you got, you know?

HUSTLER: But how far will you go in this commercial way? What won't you show in a film? I mean, what happens if it gets very big next year too—and I know de Renzy's done it—to have women fucking while they have the rag on? Will you cater to this? Will you go wherever the public appetite indicates you should go? Or do you have defined aesthetics?

SUMMER: I think I have defined aesthetics. I would only show what I thought was either a turn-on or was attractive on-screen. Your particular example is not attractive to me and I don't think attractive to very many men. It's out of the range of kinky.

HUSTLER: When does kinky become ugly? I mean, pissing and shitting: is that kinky or ugly?

SUMMER: Well, I don't know. I think shitting is ugly and pissing is kinky.

HUSTLER: Now if you're aware of these kinds of sensibilities, how do you incorporate them into your structure of a fuck film sequence? How do you make your footage better? How are you superior to all the shit that's turned out?



I always make sure that everyone will be an enthusiastic performer before the cameras roll.

HUSTLER: Does this indicate that he's pussy-whipped? Is he Jewish?

SUMMER: Yes, he is.

HUSTLER: Well, he's pussy-whipped.

SUMMER: No, he's not. He's really the strongest man I know.

HUSTLER: Well, he doesn't want to have a homosexual experience, but he would do it for you.

SUMMER: Yeah, just like I didn't ever want to have a lesbian experience, and I did it for him, and I found out it was nice, but it took a while.

HUSTLER: Till you got the taste down? I mean, what took a while?

SUMMER: Until I decided that I liked it.

HUSTLER: Are you good at cunnilingus? What's the best technique? Since you're a

But I am into feminism.

HUSTLER: Well, the feminist movement in a lot of ways is anti-male, and it blames men for victimizing women. Do you believe that?

SUMMER: No, because I think first that it's my own choice. That I am a strong person. But how can you not be for women's lib?

HUSTLER: Well, it depends. If man is to walk around with guilt for the subjugation of the woman, you say the woman's lib is a lot of bullshit.

SUMMER: No, I don't want them to be guilty. I just want there to be a little more understanding.

HUSTLER: But that's not women's lib. You're talking about compassion for both sexes. How can you be for women's lib and make sex

the very first thing is that we are extremely meticulous. We care about what we put on the screen. We're not just throwing it out there to double our money. We have a definite plan in mind as to where our company is going. And so that's the first thing that makes my films different from most of what's out there. As far as the actual filming of the sex, I think that the difference is that the camera does the foreplay. The camera builds the tease. You saw *China Girl*. There's the scene with the five ladies, which I thought was a coup. I thought it was just brilliant. And the camera backed off and came in from behind the leading lady's head, through her eyelashes, and it was just enough of a mist that you could see what was happening, but you couldn't. And then it got

right down to the young lady giving head to the star. And so you had that kind of a moment there just to get an idea of what was happening, and then you were in there and you saw it. And I think that, if you kind of take it slow, if you build up to the climax of the scene, you can keep your audience with you, instead of just showing it all, saying, "Here it is, and here's ten minutes of genitals banging together. Are you off yet?" and then cut to another scene.

HUSTLER: Okay. I happen to agree with you. I think that you did all the things you set out to do, which is why the film is so excellent. What kind of prediction would you make in terms of the big studios? When will they try to co-opt what you're doing? Do you feel it's in the near future?

SUMMER: I would say five to seven years. If hardcore continues to make a lot of money. Now there are alternate predictions that hardcore's got six months or a year to live. As a matter of fact, the little grind houses will always continue to have customers. I don't know how much money you make if you show there, but if it turns out to be a big money thing, then of course the big studios are going to get into it.

HUSTLER: Alternately, I would imagine a Hollywood movie would have maybe one or two hard-core sex scenes. Do you think that's the future?

SUMMER: I would get off on that. I think that it's starting to happen now. I think that movies are getting a little more explicit.

HUSTLER: In porn films there are very few ways you can continue the plot and push it further while doing a sex scene. If you're gonna have like a movie that's two-thirds sex and one-third plot, then you really don't have much room for plot.

SUMMER: That's true. That's a really tough problem. *China Girl*, I think, got a little bit wrapped up in plot, and as soon as it got to the sex scenes it was real hard to get back into the plot. It's a hard act to follow. What we are doing for our next film, we're trying to avoid this whole

write the six songs first, and then write a plot around them. Doesn't that kind of let your action denote your plot rather than your plot denote your action?

SUMMER: Yeah, but you were comfortable watching the Elvis Presley movie because you figured, "Well, I'm not just here watching a rock concert of Elvis. There is a little story around this." But you paid to see Elvis sing.

HUSTLER: Do you think porn audiences are particularly discriminating as film-goers?

SUMMER: Well, all I know is that when I pay my five bucks for a sex movie, I want to see some sex. Because I can pay the same five bucks and go see *Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More*, and get off in a different way.

HUSTLER: SCREW tried to do a film called *It Happened in Hollywood*, and we've realized that humor bombs out. You cannot mix humor. Have you had any experiences with trying to combine eroticism with humor?

SUMMER: Yeah. My first comment is that humor is the hardest thing to do. You've got to have good people doing the lines. And there were some funny bits in *It Happened in Hollywood*.

HUSTLER: Wasn't I wonderful? Did you see me? I played the king of the Philistines. I came in a silver chalice.

SUMMER: Was that you?

HUSTLER: Yes. You forget so soon. No wonder I never do another film. I'm available. Four years I've been at the phone waiting for another booking for me.

SUMMER: Well, we may have a part for you in the film. We've got a nice, light bondage sequence.

HUSTLER: Have you gotten in any group stuff with people in the films, such as Annette? Did you want to go down on her? Have her go down on you?

SUMMER: Well, let me just say that I always make sure that everyone is able and willing and will be an enthusiastic performer well before the cameras start rolling. So I see everybody

about it. It was not perfection. And if we could have fixed it, if it was like a \$2000 fixing job, fine, but it's \$2000 and two years.

HUSTLER: You're into women, and you didn't have sex with Annette. Was there any reason?

SUMMER: Yeah, *China Girl* was a huge production, and we had a cast of approximately 30. And there were so many things that I was just too busy.

HUSTLER: What's Annette's sex scene like? She's in this threesome. She has an old lady and an old man.

SUMMER: I'm not really sure of what that scene is. I know that she had been with this lady for quite a while. She's a young girl, and she had a man that she relies on. She asks him questions. I think that it's very much a married situation. It's not a wild sexual threesome every night.

HUSTLER: How did you get some very legitimate, very qualified, with good credit, actors and actresses to be in *China Girl*?

SUMMER: We pay well. The budget was \$90,000.

HUSTLER: That's how many days of shooting?

SUMMER: It was like a 20-day shoot.

HUSTLER: Who got paid better, the professionals?

SUMMER: Actually, they ended up about equal. The professionals were there for less time. Annette obviously got paid the most.

HUSTLER: What did she get paid?

SUMMER: Like \$100, \$125 a day.

HUSTLER: That's standard porno.

SUMMER: Yes. Plus a share of the profits, which she will see by July. At the moment it looks like they're going to be worth something.

HUSTLER: I'm really impressed with your intelligence. I can't believe that you have this attitude towards Annette, that you're not offended by her stupidity.

SUMMER: I didn't think she was that stupid. Because I wasn't really interested in her brain, to tell you the truth. I was more interested in her body and her face, and if she could act. And because we didn't have enough pre-production time, there was almost no rehearsal time. There was so much happening, that I never really got to know her.

HUSTLER: Well, after a hard day's shooting, you all went back home for an orgy, right?

SUMMER: After a hard day's shooting, the cast left, the crew packed it up, and myself and my two partners went out and scouted the next day's location, wrote checks for the next day, called the caterer and finally got home to sleep at one o'clock in the morning and got up at six the next. And that's how it was, you know, for four weeks. And so there was no time for far-out sex orgies or getting to know anybody. We didn't have money for a cast party afterwards, anyway. We spent it all. We were supposed to have a big old elegant thing, and show slides, and—

HUSTLER: You can have a cast party this summer when the profits are all in.

SUMMER: God, I can't wait. I'm going to be a rich woman.

HUSTLER: Famous last words. Thank You.

I like 'Wet Shots' . . . I think it's very exciting to watch a man come.

problem of plot versus sex, because if you get involved in a plot, you don't have time for the sex. We sat around for two weeks and we did nothing but talk dirty. We just thought of far-out sex things to do. And we got eight unbelievable scenes together. And now we've got to put it together and make it a movie. We don't want to make a loop. And so my husband, he's the writer—I don't have anything to do with the plot at all—devised a very simple structure. It's about one girl, which is a common thing. A lot of movies are about one person, one leading lady. And the plot is there. It's enough there so that the audience feels that there's a beginning, a middle and an end.

HUSTLER: That's kind of like how they used to make the Elvis Presley movies. They used to

personally. We don't just do "Take off your clothes, okay, you've got the part."

HUSTLER: Did you have sex with Annette?

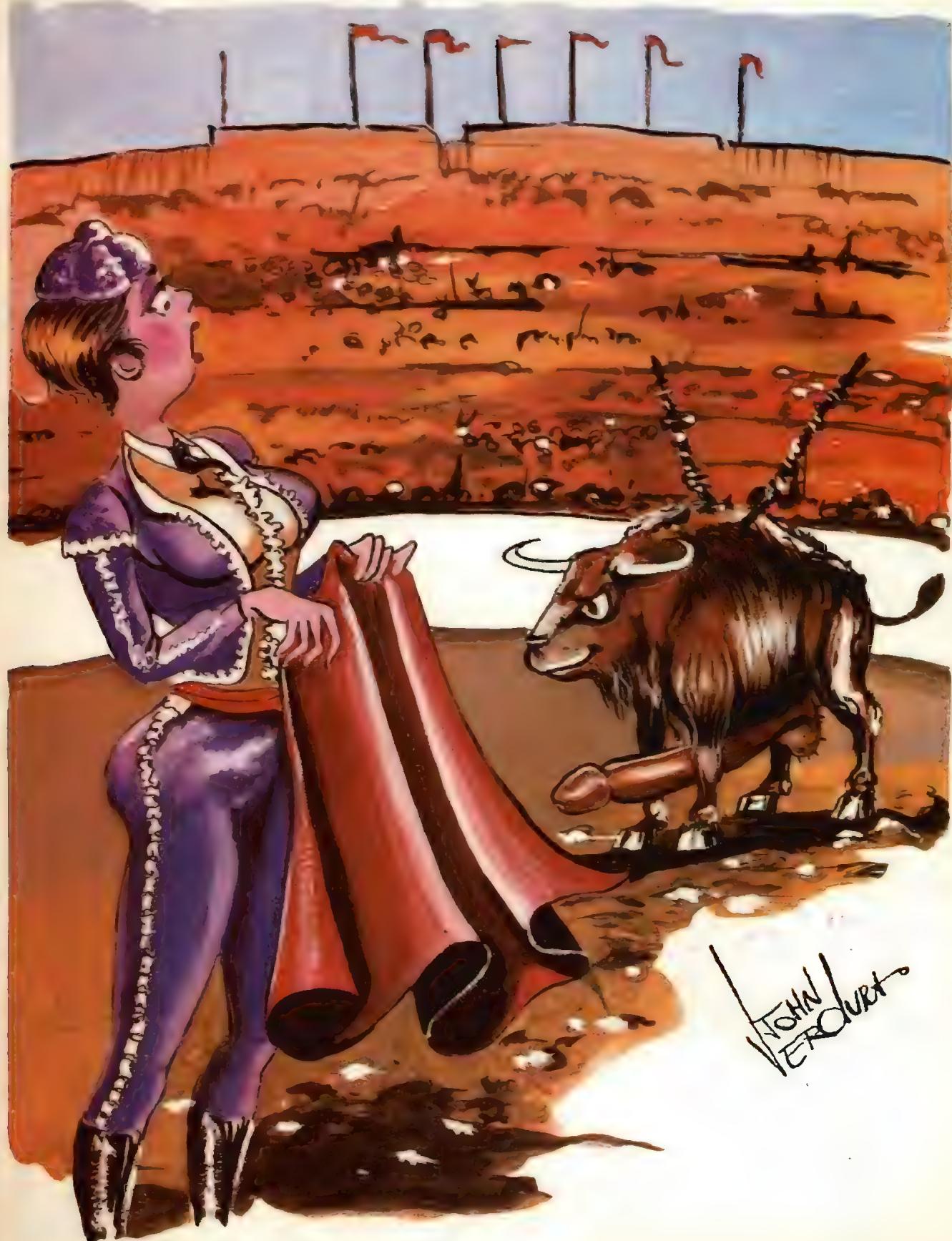
SUMMER: No, I did not.

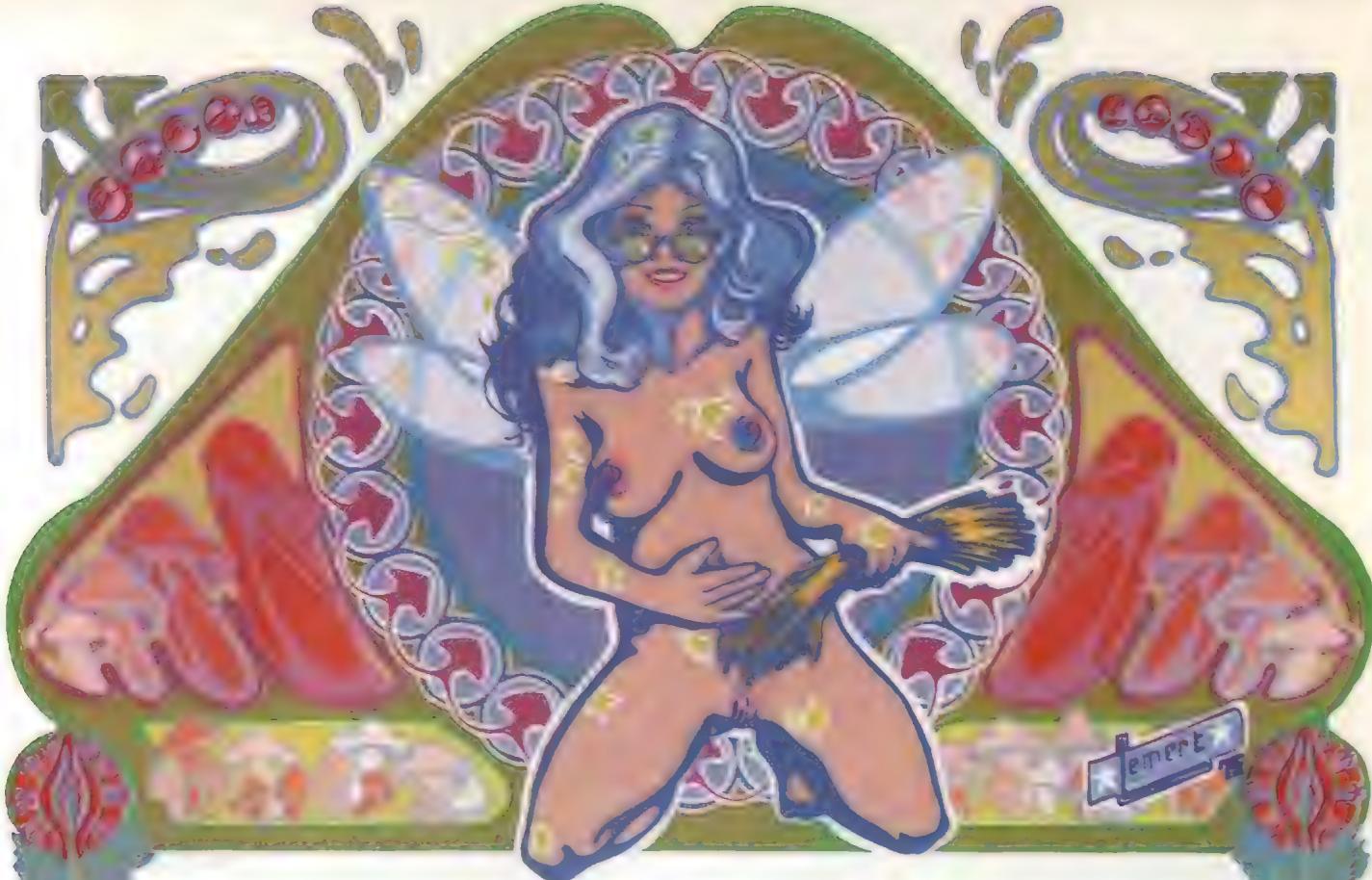
HUSTLER: Would you want to?

SUMMER: Yeah, I think she's an attractive woman.

HUSTLER: I think the crooked teeth are such a turn-on.

SUMMER: Yeah, I think she's hot and—you like the teeth, huh? She was very upset by that. She called me up. She said, "I saw the film. I thought it was great. But I looked so terrible in some parts. The parts where my teeth showed." And I said, "Honey, there's nothing I can do about it, you know." We tried like hell to go around it, because I knew that she was upset





ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY

by SKIP FICKLING

VIRGO (August 22-Sept. 21)

You Virgo fellows should keep tabs on a Taurus gal during this birthday month of 1975. For you, this woman is usually very dependable, predictable, understandable, capable, knowledgeable—and just plain "down-right" good people. Sentiment never comes before practicality with her, and her positive determination should convince any Virgo mate that she should be No. 1 on his "Wit Parade."

The "femme Bull" suits Virgo so well right now, it's hard to believe any other female sign could be considered. Emotionally Capricorn, Scorpio and Pisces are in the running this month, but can't please like the Taurus. The stars indicate that you should ease up on the old emotional level this month, so find yourself a Taurus maid, and, as

the Old Bull said, "Let's walk down the hill and fuck-em all."

Money continues to be shining brightly in the Virgo charts, and patience and fortitude must be exercised. If ever you are going to make a bundle, this could very well be the time. Take advantage of every opportunity, because your luck has not been as good in many a year!

You are trying more than ever to be physically and mentally strong now, but also exerting too much energy, blowing too many fuses and floundering in your own juices. "Stabilization" is the key word at the moment. You may be dying a thousand frustrated deaths and condemning the wrong people for your agony. If you are a "true" Virgo perfectionist, let up on those around you and watch for some amazing results, financially and emotionally, in the very near future.

Don't miss this golden period, Virgo—dig in!

VIRGO

LIBRA (Sept. 22-October 22)

Most Libra men are not certain they've ever met a Pisces broad. Through my research I rate this combination #1 out of the possible 144 male/female marital combinations. Now is the time for you Librans to tap the prettiest morsals you can find and ask if they're "fond fishes." Pisces dolls have that truly sensitive way you admire, and are willing to sacrifice anything for the men they love. All signs are in your favor during September for picking up the pieces of something personal that shattered earlier in the year. Financial aspects are continuing nicely, but don't be foolhardy and lend money now, when you personally need it so much. Incidentally, Liz Taylor is a Pisces!

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-November 21)

You ardent, impetuous Scorpions (like Richard Burton) have a determined emotional shrewdness that helps get you what you want. After a low period for several months in Scorpio charts, suddenly things are beginning to look up and turning your way. Use your quick wit and sharp tongue to seal an important deal that has been hanging fire for too damned long. Continue, though, to keep that big secret locked up that could really hurt you if it leaked out to an associate or loved one. If you bump into any cuties with hot pants, now is the time to take advantage, especially if they're Leo like sexy, whiskey-voiced wow-wow—Jill St. John!

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-Dec. 20)

Super quarterback Jim Plunkett of the New England Patriots is in for another fantastic September as happened to him exactly a year ago. So are many, many Sagittarians who take advantage of big opportunities coming your way late in the month. Frank Sinatra, also a Sag, will announce some startling news within those days. This month, be as outgoing and enthusiastic as always, but a little less self-centered if you are to gain the most from proposals and plans. You will continue to attract warm, generous people right now, but don't screw up your love life by not reciprocating and giving everything you've got. If you have a gal stashed on the side, don't neglect at home or you may get caught.

CAPRICORN (December 21-Jan. 19)

Have you ever watched a baboon masturbate? Well, Capricorn Ray Milland has—and he tells you about it in his new book. All you energetic, serious-minded Cappys may not be interested in masturbating baboons, but watching Georgina Spelvin manipulate her pussy in "The Devil In Miss Jones" is something else. There are a lot of serious problems and worries darting around the Capricorn charts these days, so it might be wise to take in an X-rated movie and get your mind (and rocks, too) off your sweaty affairs. Grab a delicious Cancer like Gina Lollobrigida and loll around on her lower bridge. Make love, don't worry.

AQUARIUS (January 20-Feb. 18)

Use your original talents to the utmost this month and that includes some of those weird sex plans you have been considering. All that fun Jack Lemmon has on the stage and screen is not just an act. He's a playful Aquarian who likes a good romp more than most. This is a great time to take a vacation and get the hell away from a few financial problems that have been festering. Aquarian Hank Aaron will break another amazing record in the last days of September. Good time to meet and romance an Aquarian female like Zsa Zsa Gabor, who just might have a few super sex ideas of her own.

PISCES (February 19-March 20)

The possibility of becoming easily discouraged and moody now haunts the Pisces charts. Best for you to cheer yourself up with one of these "fire" signs: Aries, Leo or Sagittarius. That

group includes Julie Christie and Lee Remick. Pisces football star Fran Tarkenton may lose a heart-breaker in the last seconds, and this could mirror some of the frustration in store for this sign in September. Financial problems may also lead to a lot of this depression and let-down, so operate more on logic and less on intuition and try to skate through the best you can. Hang on, because October appears to bear far more promise.

ARIES (March 21-April 20)

Arian studs are wheeling and dealing this month both in money and dolls. Particularly hot for Aries right now is that aggressive lady he just can't turn down—Capricorn. She may go after the Ram with a fast grab of his jocular joint and suddenly have it rammed up her capricornia. More Aries tend to be porno stars and Cappys nymphomaniacs, so it's understandable why they like to "hole" up together. This month, this pair will be easily recognizable at the orgy. The Arian is the guy sticking it in every available vacancy, and the Cappy is the gal urinating all over Fred, Ted and the bed. This combination includes such possible pairs as Steve McQueen and Marlene Dietrich or Howard Cosell and Joan Baez. Would you believe Hugh Hefner and Ava Gardner?

TAURUS (April 21-May 20)

You may be Bullish on America, but you Taureans should not let a stubborn streak that has risen recently spoil a big deal. Some major Taurus film stars may dim this month, a reflection of September problems within this sign. Your monetary charts are shaky and demand that you exercise some of that good judgment every moment. You bachelor Bulls might try a virgin Virgo to change your luck. They usually lend a soothing effect on Taurus males and could build your confidence and *harden* your hopes. A few examples of Virgo pulchritude are: Raquel Welch, Tuesday Weld, Mitzi Gaynor and Romy Schneider.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20)

Singing star/actor/Gemini Dean Martin likes to belt a few. So does singing star/actor/Gemini Pat Boone. Neither will touch the others' brand—booze and milk. Obviously another strong Gemini contradiction. And you Gemguys are in for more of this push-pull dual struggle this month. You have versatility (even drink with both hands) but you need now, more than ever, to learn to direct your forces steadily rather than in spurts. Some of the girls know you need constant stimulation to give your whole admiration, and one of the better signs for you now is Libra, the likes of an Angie Dickinson. You'll drink to that?

CANCER (June 21-July 21)

Some extra dough is burning a strange hole in your pocket now and you might as well take advantage of this sudden need to spend that hard-earned money. Don't, though, throw it away on some emotional whim like a trip to the local whorehouse where you just might get "burned." Rather, take the family on a trip, out to dinner or buy "mom" something she's been aching to have for a long time. You are in a "warm" period for Cancer, and vulnerable to emotions not usually this deeply felt. During the full moon this month you may have a particularly tough time keeping yourself from going ape.

LEO (July 22-August 21)

There's no denying the fact Mr. Lion is one cat who likes to lay it all on the line. And suddenly Leo is out of the hot summertime forest and should be ready to play "ball" with those explosive female "fire" signs. Grab one of your own kind, like Leotine Alexandra Hay (the gal who first appeared on the stage doing simulated sex) and break bread (or bed). Leo money charts are on the upswing and should prove beneficial to tycoon Henry Ford, baseball great Vida Blue and actor Robert Culp, et al. Your creative thinking is at an all-time high and should be used most effectively. Unfortunately, a major Leo figure will be dead before the 30th.

THE GREATEST PORN EVER TOLD

continued from page 37

Little Jimmy came up to me at the counter, looked me right in the crotch, and cried out: "Oh Mary, are you running contraband rubbers, or do we have an item for the *Guinness Book of Records*?" He has been guiding my career ever since, but I confess there have been times I was ready to tear up our contract, like after that business with the hot wax and pound cakes, and the other time, since when the dog has to sleep standing up.

The first thing Little Jimmy did was to introduce me to the D. W. Griffith of porn flicks — director Pete O'Phelia. It was Pete, you no doubt recollect, who introduced the intrauterine roving camera and the use of U-238 in porn. His inspiration of wiring electrodes to the mule in *Lilies Of The Fuck* revolutionized the industry.

Pete was still new to the world of directing, back then. I remember Little Jimmy told me that Pete had entered the business after a two-year stand in the California Youth Authority for the error of Criminal Negligence.

"Criminal Negligence?" I asked.

"Yeh," says Little Jimmy. "He was boosting a liquor store and he failed to see the police car parked next door to the building."

"That's Criminal Negligence?" I said.

"What else would you call it?"

Pete had this script he wrote in the slam, having to do with leather formal wear, seven or eight cattle prods, numerous Girl Scouts, a shotglass-load of cocaine, an uncircumcized Hawaiian and a swimming pool full of pear halves. This was way back when, as Ooella Hardon said, porn was still "working its way up to pathetic." You probably remember it — the first porn flick to gross more than the DuPont Corporation: the sensational *Gone With The Fuck*. It played every market that had electricity. I was there when it premiered at Grauman's Chinese! Remember what I planted in the wet cement?

It was because of that movie that every time me and Pete got into the car to-

gether, Kodak stock went up. Of course we have since each gone independent, but I am still Pete's biggest fan and follower and can only add to the raving acclaim over his *The Sound Of Fuck* and am sure that he wouldn't have got such a shitty break at his Appeal screening if those two Supreme Court Justices hadn't of had to go to the hospital.

It was shortly later on that I met the Zygote Brothers. My reputation had been established by *Gone With The Fuck* and by my interview in *Psychology Today*, and I was busy as a cat trying to bury his shit on a sidewalk. I had been making *Fuck On The River Kwai* with Pete in the mornings, *Dial F For Fuck* with producer Glans Majoris in the afternoons, and nights I was doing a documentary on premature ejaculation for David Wolper. Needless to say I was a Purple Heart case. I was fucking on swing shifts, I was getting emphysema from fucking.

At the time I am talking about, I have just finished the famous scene from *Dial F* where I am in the giant carrot-and-raisin salad with Eleanor Roosevelt, played by Darla Vulva. We take a long break in shooting and Darla and I get to rapping. I have not slept in this long sequence of hours and we are sitting there both in costume, which is naked. We babble with fatigue.

"I want to be more than just a few moments of pleasure."

"Shit, yes! An hour, at least—"

"I want a meaningful relationship."

"Something relevant. A Sociology professor—"

"Life is so short—"

"A dwarf!" I clap my hands.

Well, we go underneath the hydraulic lift for what you might call a mutual lube job, and there I am, with two more rolls on the set still scheduled that day, and I am relaxing by balling. Balling for free! Nothing can stop the Duke of fuckin' Earl.

I am balling underneath the hydraulic lift and Glans Majoris walks by and sees me. Glans Majoris is looking to make slightly more money from this number than there is in Wyoming. Glans Majoris sees me balling. Glans Majoris shits in his hat.

"Oh, no, Rock, don't come, don't come. I've gotta shoot two more takes, don't come, *please don't come!*" He sounded like a high-school cheerleader in the back seat of an Impala.

People had been instructing me when to come for three days, so I said bullshit, this one is for me. It was the most massive wad I ever shot. Darla got whiplash and had to drop out of *Please Don't Fuck The Daisies*. And I was so wasted that Glans

threw me off the set, which was his brother's Shell station, and had to finish *Dial F* with an orangutan.

All of a sudden I was out on the street — where I naturally met the Zygote Brothers. Talk about your first impressions. I had never before had hands in all four of my pants pockets at once. The Zygote Brothers had recognized me instantly, from the feature story in *The AMA Journal*, and told me that with their ideas and my salami we could make a whole lake of spare change. Being twin midgets, the Zygote Brothers have a novel slant on things.

I will admit in thinking back on it that my first couple of movies with the Zygotes left a little to be desired in the way of stardom and art. For example, in our first flick, *The Godfucker*, they had copped to publicity and given the female lead to Lesbia Bovina, the famous Rumanian lady shot-putter who that summer had failed to pass the Olympics sex test and defected to fourteen countries before finally receiving political asylum from the University of Southern California. I had got used to balling almost anything that could eat with a fork in my short career, but this was too much.

I was thinking: Now really, come on, you guys. I'm too good looking and got too much on the ball to get fixed up with Gentle Ben, here. This woman has been on the cover of *Veterinary Week*.

Then I was thinking their response: You don't want to fuck who we pick, go get your paycheck, from Colonel Sanders.

I was about spitting distance from abject poverty, so my philosophy at that point was Screw it, I'll do it. However — I couldn't get it off! I was undernourished. Due to my rate of pay I was sticking to a special diet which consisted mostly of Lifesavers and creek water. Now, a Baby Ruth, that's enough to keep you going, but if you eat just Lifesavers every day for a few weeks, it gets very simple. You die.

You probably wonder how come a porn superstar like myself was so short on bread at a time when porn was raking in such money that they had to sell tickets out of the back of Burns trucks. Well, this unique phenomenon was the result of a special clause in my contract which the Zygote Brothers originated and which immediately caught on throughout the industry. What it did was to limit the male lead's salary to stud fee and a free pass to the Masters & Johnson Clinic. You maybe can't believe such a thing. I know I couldn't, even though they used to have a South Korean come in once a week just to read the clause to me.

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It was this shrewd bookkeeping which has made the Zygotes sort of the Warner Brothers with sperm stains. As friends and businessmen they are fine and I would recommend them to anybody, but where a profit is concerned I would not turn my back on them in a whole room full of Nuns.

So anyway, there I was, in the middle of America, amid all this looming affluence, I was full of lime Lifesavers, my teeth were rotting, I was tired, I was fucked out, and there were two midgets waiting like vultures for the Come Scene; screams and horns, et cetera. You get that?

My hard-on was leaving on the first train. I was doing everything but stick a coathanger in it. I told them.

"It's not going to happen."

Hetero Zygote freaked. He would dance on his mother to finish a film "We'll fake it!"

They said they'd fake it using Redi-Whip in place of the real stuff, the old Starter Fluid. I was outraged. I said: "Get me out of here, I'm a virile, attractive dude, not a shortcake! I ain't faking it with any whip cream!"

And then the Zygote Brothers got all pissed because they had to postpone

shooting for two hours and buy me a complete A&W Papa Burger so I could generate enough *oomph* to power an ejaculation. But hell, there was art at stake. For one thing, we would have lost all the realism. RediWhip comes squirting through your fingers in about seventeen directions, a CumBlat. If I could actually come like that, they would start a religion after me.

And for another thing, there is such a thing as professionalism.

Incidentally — the next time I was in a film with Lesbia Bovina, I almost quit the business. It was in *Planet Of The Fucks*. She was an ape in heat and I was a horny gorilla. (It is brilliant witticisms such as this which have made porn the sophisticated artistic experience it is today.)

The director was one of the great twerps in this part of the galaxy, Cod Peace. I can only echo the sentiments of *Slime* magazine: "Director Cod Peace brings to the blue movie the same dash and flair which Eisenhower brought to public speaking." — which I take to mean he's got a cob up his ass.

I would not have gone close enough to this flick to show up on the same aerial photograph, were it not for my agent Lit-

tle Jimmy Jumbo. Little Jimmy, let me tell you, is the original Doctor Nice, but he is one of civilization's great liars-by-omission. He never actually *bullshits* you, he just neglects to mention salient data. "Horn up some of this coke, man," he might say, not mentioning that it's been all stepped on with flash powder.

This time, I recall, Little Jimmy came up, he was just delighted, he was grinning with teeth like bathroom tiles. He says: "Rock, man, we got a great part, it was made for you! All shot full of social comment!"

"Yeah? Comment about what?"

"Uh," he says, "Ecology. I don't want to oversell it, spoil it for you, but you'll love it!"

Right. They told Hitler: "You'll love Russia."

But I am an idiot. I go to the place where they're shooting — which people who make real movies call a set. The set was a gigantic aviary on the grounds of an estate in Debenture Park, which is a suburb in Marin County whose per capita income runs a close second to the Rolling Stones'. The aviary was on the grounds of this spread owned by a kid whose parents were so fat in the oil industry that if they'd brought in three more wells they would be admitted to the U.N. But they'd committed suicide together by drinking two brandy snifters of Shell Of The Future when Phase IV went into effect, and the kid was the sole heir. The kid's favorite hobby was eating acid. There were about seventy crashers in the main house. And a porny film crew in the aviary.

I go into the aviary and everybody in sight clears their throat and are looking at their watches. I'm cool, I ask who do I have to fuck tonight? Everybody suddenly has a pie in the oven. Right there I know someone is going to ask me to slam my pork in the door.

I think the clincher was when we went inside the house to shoot the scene where Lesbia, myself and this moonlighting high-school coach in a gorilla suit all have to get it on simultaneously and in sequence while hanging by our insteps from trapeze bars. This was the famous Monkey Fuck Mobile Scene. I recommend it the next time you want to put your Blue Cross through time trials.

We were bleeding, up there:

"I have got no feeling from my ass to my elbow!"

"Listen, you're too stiff, relax."

"Too stiff! If I relax I am going to break my fucker!"

"Uh, look, what you need is a setting. We'll rig up a backdrop."



"It happened last night when I took my girlfriend home and she slammed the door in my face!"

"Backdrop your ass! Backbrace!" Balling, hanging by my insteps, I am getting gangrene, I can't move. He is sending the prop man around when we are ready for the chiropractor.

Cod Peace is very understanding. "Hurry up," he says frequently.

I couldn't have got it up for the flag. We faked the penetration. Getting a hard-on was like trying to recite the Gettysburg Address during your tonsillectomy. Freaks kept emerging from black hot doorways blinking like moles, saying: "What's going on, man?"

This is while we are shooting, this is mid-screw, Tarzan Breaks His Vine. I look up and lay out this wan smile. What's happening? We are rebuilding a carburetor, schmuck.

"Oh, we're shooting the Monkey Fuck Mobile Scene."

"Outasight. Sorry if I disturbed you."

No, no, how could you possibly disturb somebody who's balling while hanging by their insteps?

Hump magazine, which is not exactly *Pageant*, later called it the greatest Monkey Fuck Mobile Scene in cinematic history.

We conclude *Planet of the Fucks*. It is 2:30 in the morning. The cold is coming in through the town's cracks and everything tastes like old news. I have to get home, and everybody's attitude is, they would rather bury me under the porch than drive me back.

I picked up my pay. A mosquito could pick up my pay. Most of the actors got a flat cash fee for this operation, but I had a break. Since I was a star, I got a piece of the action, which consisted of 200 saleable passes to the flick. I put on my coat. "Hey!" I wanted to know. "How do I get away from this place?"

There was a big lot of nonsense involving bridge fares and gas shortages and problems with certain warrants floating around in San Francisco. One of the bit players — in the movie he was the one with the stretch marks and the "Apollo 11" tattoo — drove me down to a bus stop next to a Crocker Bank in the Debenture Park Civic Center, which consisted of a City Hall, a Post Office, the bank, three liquor stores and a Safeway.

I stood there waiting for a bus. There is no bus in the Debenture Park Civic Center at 2:30 in the morning. No light, either. What there is, is a police car circling the block every four minutes wondering what brings you here. People in this town live in homes like museums and think the Republican Party is okay, but slightly too colorful. I am going to walk over to the BART line and lay my thing on

the third rail before I tell them the truth. Fuck flicks in Debenture Park? They will start heating tar. The moon isn't even out, it is black with ocean clouds. "I'm waiting for the eclipse to pass."

I call up Little Jimmy. I am trying to get control over my voice so that when I ask him to drive out and pick me up, its tone will not give away how I am going to pull out one of his lungs to use for a basketball.

"If you are interested in ever seeing your ten percent of me again, you best drop over here and pick it up."

"Wow!" he goes. "I got an even better idea. This is a great opportunity for you to meet him."

Who him?

"The guy I told you about with the Jesus Porn Rock Opera script finally finished it."

"Oh my swollen ass."

He sends over this deranged wretch of a script writer name of "Clap" Happy. Little Jimmy has told me about this spook. He has been working three years on a script combining all the more questionable elements of Cecil B. DeMille, Busby Berkeley, The Who, and certain U.S. Army hygiene films. For the three years he has been doing this, he has been living in a nine-by-twelve tool shed at the Japanese Consulate in San Francisco, where he is loosely employed as a gardener. As a gardener he would make a good script writer, but he's the only non-oriental one in the city, and the crowd at the consulate gets a big bang out of having an American gardener.

He is Daffy Duck, he is the Spirit of Christmas Future, he is like somebody raised by hyenas or gibbons or bats. How Natural Selection ever let him slip by is a mystery to me. "Are you kidding, man?" I holler into the phone. "He hasn't been out of that tool shed long enough to shit and you're going to send him to drive me across the Golden Gate goddam Bridge?" I was dead. It would be Burial at Sea. The guy had probably forgotten what the brake was; he talked to camellias. Little Jimmy was extremely diplomatic. He hung the phone up.

"Clap" Happy arrives, he is a sensation, he is the Man in the Moon. "Hey, woo, hey, aha!" He is rubbing his hands. "In, in, it's done, all complete, like polarity, hah! look how dark it is, wow, wasting time; in, in."

Get this: hanging next to him on the seat is one of those harness things that infants ride in that look kind of like a jock strap for a buffalo. In this thing is his script. He turns on the overhead light so that I can start reading it right then in the

DOC JOHNSONS

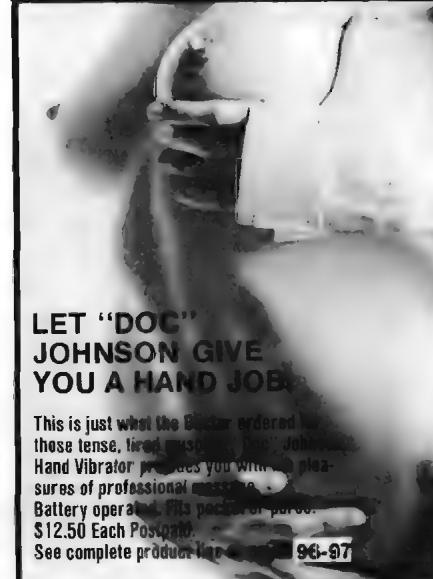
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THE PHILOSOPHER
Laws grind the poor, and rich men
rule the law. GOLDSMITH.

car during the clammiest segment of dawn on what you could get good odds is my final automobile trip, other than the hearse. This guy is the type that if he had any friends even they didn't know who they were. Such specimens, if you tell them unpleasant truths, such as that their manuscript would make better underwear, they will become erratic and do something like try to pass the car they are driving through a building.

I do the only safe thing possible. I fall asleep.

Back home I am waked up the next morning by Little Jimmy, who is so excited, the ring in his nose is giving off static.

"Rock," he says. "Can you ride a camel?"

I am about 30% conscious, I have just finished a Monkey Fuck Mobile Scene, I am nonchalant as cold meat. "Sure," I tell him. Sure, I can ride a camel. I can ride a shark, an ostrich, a porcupine. For money I would say I could ride a matched team of pumas. I had also told him, Yes I could ride a snowmobile for *Downhill Fucker*, and the guy who owned it had later gone after Little Jimmy with a band saw.

But Little Jimmy falls for it and hauls me awake and we are off to start shooting on the ultimate porn classic, *The Greatest Porn Ever Told*. In case you were one of the folks who couldn't get to see it because of the confiscations or the ugly mobs, I played this messiah kind of savior who goes across the land in robes on a camel with his twelve disciples, meeting and purifying and blessing persons along the way and scoring converts left and right. Jesus did this by healing and preaching and laying on of hands. Guess how I was supposed to do it?

I admit we did keep the laying on of hands part.

Short of deportation there was no way we were going to get to the Middle East, so we shot the desert scenes just outside of Palm Springs. We tried to stay clear of any of the natives, since they will report to the police anything traveling other than by limousine and because in Palm Springs I think they can give you thirty days just for not having a *Carte Blanche* card.

We didn't run into very much trouble, either, except once where I spend forty days abusing myself in the wilderness and some oldies from a *Leisure World* just over the hill spotted me rehearsing and went back and told. About a platoon of these geriatrics outpatients followed us around on canes and crutches for three days whimpering and holding out

I should have stuck my tool in a fan rather than stick it in that film.

their hands, until Little Jimmy went back and told them we were just shooting a TV commercial for B'Nai B'rith.

And then when we were starting the spectacular finale super Crucifixion Scene up on a rise behind a big housing development and right when we were putting up the crosses a homeowners' committee came over to file a petition of complaint with us, because they'd been promised that all utilities would be underground.

But mainly the problems I had during *Greatest Porny* were with my co-stars. Now I want to exclude here such persons as Gene Pool, who played Peter, and frankly you couldn't find a better Peter in Hollywood; and Bang Crosby, who single-handedly gave the role of "camel driver" several new dimensions. These guys were pros. Unfortunately, I can't say the same for such individuals as Venus Envy, who played Mary Magdalene, and Dimitri Gonnococchus, who was Judas.

I admit that Venus Envy is a true beauty, unless you want to demand certain elements in a woman, such as teeth and a clean shave. But she is not exactly something to take home for Thanksgiving.

The hassle between me and Venus was a very elementary one, of the sort which allows marriage counselors to send their kids to finishing school. She and I were about as sexually compatible as pubic hair and flame. It would get toward one of those really ragged days you have when events don't actually deck you, but just get in a lot of little annoying body blows. They would have had me out humping on a camel and she would have been giving Head Royale to Lazarus somewhere, and then the Zygote Brothers would try to get us together for some big ejaculation scene and we would both turn to shit. There would be these ugly little exchanges during the takes:

SHE: I could get a better fucking from the government.

ME: It's hard to get turned on by a cunt

like a car wash.—until finally Venus walked off the set for three days and the Zygote Brothers had to bring in Gene Pool's sister Honey to fill in on the closeups, which is another facet of this affair that deserves discussion. It more or less brought the other hassle I was having, with Dimitri Gonnococchus, to a head, if you'll pardon the expression.

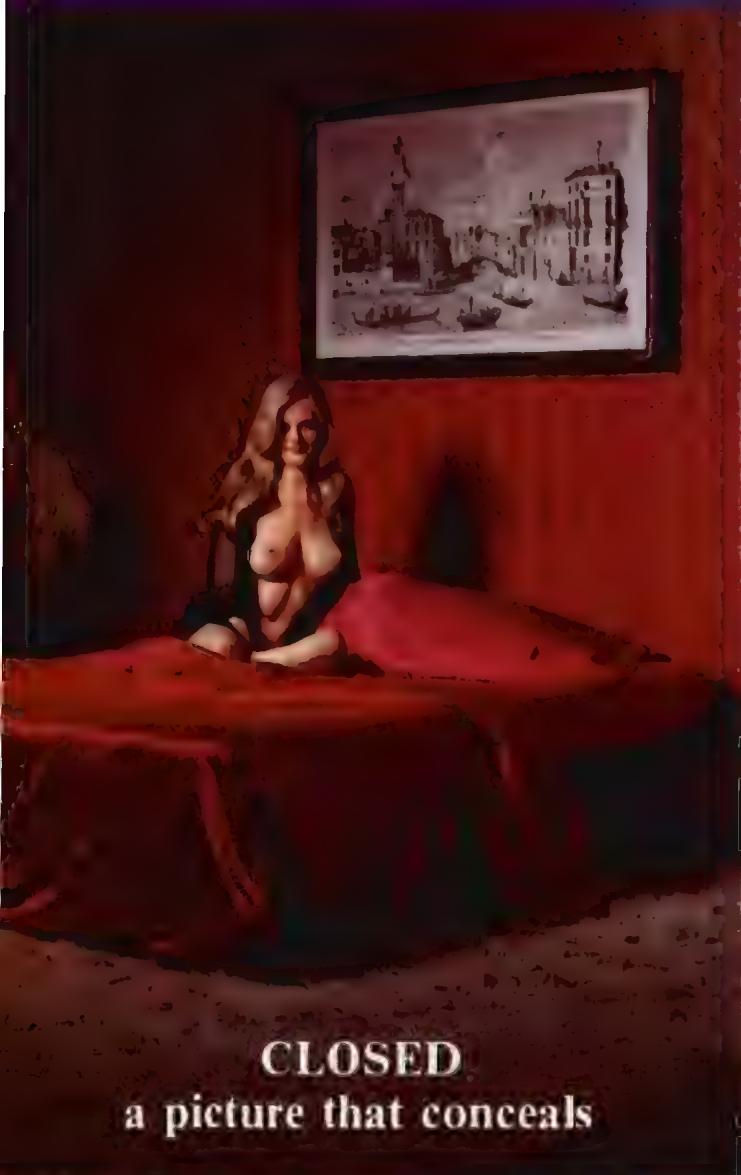
Dimitri and I hadn't been hitting it off too well from the start. I have to agree with columnist Erect Reed, when he said: "Who could be better suited to a porn film than a Greek asshole?" Dimitri had originally been a forger in Europe. He had laid about a ton of bad paper all over the Common Market for two years. He was wanted in more languages than Coca Cola. Now he'd come to the States, changed his identity, and got into porn. Maturity had settled him.

The time that brought it all to a boil was the day we filmed the landmark scene where me and Dimitri are both balling Honey Pool fore and aft while the twelve disciples dance around us all linked up in this huge Daisy Chain, singing in chorus, "It's Heaven Just To Walk Behind Him." This was "Clap" Happy's favorite scene. He had obviously been in a closet since Truman, his brain was in a bad way — but people are still paying seven bucks a shot to see this beast in various secret garages, so figure out who is unglued.

Anyway, we were supposed to do this two-on-one number with Honey Pool, who was only a stand-in to begin with and was just doing a favor for her brother, since she actually was running a child care center full time and going to Nursing School nights and had to take a half day off work to film the scene, plus her brother Gene had actually got her to come out on the pretext that me and Dimitri had got heat stroke and needed mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. She'd never made a fuck movie before. She wanted to be a nurse. I couldn't stand it.

Honey was a really sweet kid, even if you could have played cards on her chest, and we had got four minutes into the scene before she realized that what was happening was not artificial respiration but multiple penetration, and by that time she was too fired up to stop. She was half Day Care Center and half Hot Pants. "Oh," she would cry, "and whose little whanger is this?"

I was already in the front way, and now Dimitri was supposed to cover the exit. The old sandwich shot. Nurse-Burger. Get the problem? I was supposed to get it up in the same bed at the same time as Dimitri. Swell. And Nixon will kiss Ervin's



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ass till he barks like a fox.

What happened was I would get it up and Dimitri couldn't. Then by the time he'd get one going, I'd be down and out. Believe me, you feel other than completely normal sitting out on a sand dune in a circle of twenty people trying to keep it up — while you're waiting for another guy to get it up. This is Instant Identity Crisis.

I'm sitting there with pud in hand and guys are strolling by and saying: "You got it past Parade Rest yet, Rock?"

"Not any more, you asshole!"

The script girl is doing pushups on my puffy and they are over behind a Joshua Tree working on Dimitri with Neatsfoot Oil and whenever one of us got it up, that would be sufficient to put the other out of the mood, such was the velocity of our mutual distaste. Once or twice we might both have a stiff at the same time, like ships in the night. Bookends. Whoopie. This procedure left everybody with nerves like guitar strings. I could be making a mountain out of a hard-on, but two dudes trying to make it simultaneously for the same chick — this is the last bit on earth where you would want to be upstaged.

And I don't like to remark professionally on the equipment of a colleague, but I'm sure you read the review by Pauline Tail where she remarked, "A well-hung sacrilege is one thing, but Gonnococcus could have used it to dial a phone."

We got the scene anyway, though, mainly on account of all the skill, enthusiasm and natural talent that Honey Pool threw into it. She is a born trouper and deserved all the success brought her way by her later starring role in *Strep Throat*, and I know the role of Head Nurse was a personal private triumph for her. She is a real lady, and in spite of what you may have read, it was my genuine pleasure to go her bail.

The only other real annoyance during the shooting was the one you probably saw in the papers, which was naturally the famous Camel Hump Scene that I briefly referred to earlier. This, of course, was where I was supposed to ball Venus Envy while we rode full-tilt on two camels across the desert through a field of Roman soldiers raping temple servant girls and singing, "He's Got The Whole World in His Glands."

This is why Little Jimmy had wanted to know if I could ride a camel. They had acquired these two camels from a Moroccan dude who was traveling the San Joaquin Valley circuit putting on tent shows which featured a camel race, a dance of the seven veils, a snake

he is instantly hitting Escape Velocity, moving like he was carrying hash oil through customs.

Little Jimmy and the Zygote Brothers go in a corner and put their heads together, giving the corner the total approximate I.Q. of a chinchilla. They decide that me and Venus will just ball on the camels standing still, they'll patch in moving sky and fake the field of Romans and temple girls. Of course that never actually took place, but at the time I was thinking: "Balling on a staked-down camel! Swell. The audience will think I'm Helen Keller."

They tie the camels' feet down, they strap Miltie to the camel Venus is on, they set up the scene, the whole crew is behind a cactus passing Jose Cuervo, the Zygote Brothers are figuring can they quick get a couple plane tickets to Peru.

"Okay," says Hetero Zygote, "let's try to get it on without *disturbing* the camel." Terrific. I had tried not to disturb the snowmobile, and they ended up showing it to the Allstate man.

"Action," they yell.

They might as well have tied my camel with dental floss. Venus' camel panicked after the first hundred yards and bit through the connecting strap and ran around in circles until they shot her with a tranquilizer, and I understand she still hasn't mated since. My camel traveled until the road signs were no longer in English.

We have now blown an entire day on four minutes of screen time. The film isn't happening. The Zygote Brothers are in their Dodge van trying to fit a vacuum cleaner hose to the pollution control device. They have already entered this blunder in the San Francisco Erotic Film Festival. It is going to be the worst surprise since the Quake.

What we finally settled for was me going down on Venus on the hood of a Land Rover with fifty Pharisees assaulting carhops and singing: "He is Risen And He's Got Mine Rising, Too." Sensational lyrics. Oscar Hammerstein is spinning in his grave like a lathe.

And we had to cut altogether a number of other scenes due to various fuckups, some of which I really regret you couldn't get to see, such as the scene with the whips and the Campfire Girls where I say, "Suffer the little children who come unto Me"; and of course the scene you've all heard about, the uncut version of the Last Supper, which even Homo Zygote, who thinks "Smut" is the name of a toothpaste, had to admit would probably violate the local community standards of the Lower East Side.

I'm sitting with pud in hand and guys are saying, 'Got it past Parade Rest, yet, Rock?'

charmer, a firewalker, and a re-enactment of the time during the Seven Day War when an Arab commando unit captured an NBC News camera crew.

Little Jimmy comes up to me with that segment of the script and gives me the kind of smile you give a clerk who has just given you back nine bucks in change from a five. "No sweat," he says, "I have got you first choice of camels."

I go to the camels. You ever been up next to a camel? They have an aroma that will clear your sinuses faster than five inches of Superfly. A sports car is nothing, compared to the size of a camel, and sports cars are better at population control than cancer. My closest previous experience with camels was when I sat in the fourth row of the Pantages for Lawrence of Arabia.

Anyway, I have got my choice of these two creatures. That is sensational. In the Utah death house they give you your choice of hanging or shooting.

I figure to go and cop some assistance from the Arab camel owner, until I meet the Arab camel owner. The buzzard look on his face is like the death mask of Nasser. He is telling everybody that Jesus must sure be some lame and sappy sort of Savior; that if Mohammed caught us pulling this insulting heresy on *Him*, He would turn us all into burro chips or Jews.

This camel owner is going to be as much aid and comfort as the dry heaves, so I pick the camel that seems to look a little like Milton Berle; I figure maybe he'll approach the whole thing with a sense of humor. I get up on Miltie and the animal almost cries with joy; he could spot an American in a soccer stadium, and he's a true Arab nationalist. He is saying: "Here's one for Suez! Here's one for Lowell Thomas!" I get on and he takes off like *Secretariat* is behind him. He slows down when we start smelling the Colorado River. The crew drives out, picks me up, tows the camel back in. Two more times we try to set up the scene, two more times I get up on Miltie, two more times

And of course a lot of stuff we didn't do because we crapped out. This desert running-around-fucking-and-riding business knocks me and my ilk on our ass. We are indoor persons, pale drug-abusers; Jack LaLanne would use us for fertilizer. I mean, make some allowances.

But just with the footage we saved — the Loaves and the Wessen Oil Scene; the Whip-and-Spurring the Money-changers in the Temple Scene; and the Crown of Horns Scene — we still had a movie that in my opinion would have walked off with more than one Oscar, if the Justice Department hadn't walked off with all but one print, which as the whole world knows has received its ultimate judgement already and is now hanging in the men's room at the Whitney Museum.

And if you have seen some of those reports that I am bitter and pissed off because I was disqualified for consideration for an Oscar, well there is some truth in that, but anything — a Tony, some Winnebago stock, a scholarship to Kent State, a *Chicklet* — would have been better than what I got. I have no idea what I got, and although the doctor has said three times now that he's positive it's syphillus, I never yet heard of a syphillus that involves skull-shaped green blotches and whistling pores.

"It's probably a brand new strain of syphillus that nobody ever had before," he claims.

"Then who the hell gave it to me?"

But anyhow, we finished the flick, the Zygote Brothers' first and last great epic, and I will always consider it a super piece of film, in spite of such tasteless slurs as the Senate Investigating Committee's remark that we would have been better off cutting it up into guitar picks.

Like Little Jimmy replied: "An'insult to civilized beings everywhere" lies in the eye of the beholder."

So anyway, I got \$300 and ten percent of the popcorn receipts. And this Martian Clap. And now I'm sitting here in the Ready Room at San Quentin, waiting for Little Jimmy to call and tell me whether or not the State Supreme Court considers boiling oil to fall under the heading of cruel and unusual punishment.

I don't know. Maybe the writer, Normal Failure, was right-on when he said I should have stuck my tool in a fan rather than stick it in that film. I'll say I'm honestly sorry abut the Fuck For Christ riots, and the Day of Rape, and that Billy Graham can't talk or recognize his friends anymore.

But what the hell.

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"He claims he got it off a fire hydrant."

MOTHER GOOSSED

continued from page 48

"Big fuckin' deal," she whined, "someone's screwed with mine too." She removed the cigarette butt and flicked it at her husband.

"Well, youse can both get bent," piped up the mindless twerp, "cause someone's eaten my porridge all up and puked!"

"Don't say puke in front of your fuckin' mother," roared the fatherbear as he kicked the little twerp's ass up between his ears.

The motherbear then discovered the condition of the chairs.

"Some stupid son-of-a-bitch has left a big snot on the back of my chair!" she exclaimed.

"And some ass-hole has carved a fuckin' obscenity in mine!" bellowed the fatherbear.

"Suck my dick," said the twerp as he hurled a brick at the old man. "Some jerk-off busted my chair to shit and burned the son-of-a-bitch up!"

"All up," corrected his parents.

"All up," said the twerp, "and I'm pissed." He shot his relatives an affectionate bird and dashed up the stairs.

Before the fatherbear could gain enough composure not to murder the little son-of-a-bitch, the twerpie brat called down the staircase.

"Get your asses up here!"

At the top of the stairs the three dense bastards were met with the sight of their bedroom.

"Some fucker has been in my bed," said the fatherbear — an astute judge of the obvious.

"And some fucker has been in mine," said the motherbear.

"Yah, well some fuck has been in my bed and the douche-bag is still in it."

The three cocksuckers stood around the sleeping Goldy Lox, her hand still wedged inside her panties between her scrawny thighs. Then, one by one, they gang banged her.

Goldy, now awakened, spied the

fatherbear through squinted eyes as he prepared to fuck her again.

"This is really gonna cost you, buster," she said.

"Who the fuck are you," demanded the fatherbear as he rammed his warty dong into her open snatch for a second time.

"The name is Goldy Lox, uhhhhhhh uhhhhhhh, you ugly shit, uhhhhhhh uhhhhhhh. What's it, uhhhhhhh, to you uhhhhhhh?

"We're gonna fuck your squirrely ass until you can't walk," cried the twerpie babybear with glee as his old man came again.

Goldy Lox looked at the little son-of-a-bitch and smiled.

"Go ahead, ass-hole. I got the clap."

So saying the three cocksucker bears all got the clap. For her part, the atrocious porridge and bear semen

gave Goldy Lox diarrhea and she ran all the way home. They all lived happily ever after.

To the best of our research, some poor misguided soul of tender heart and stomach began deleting expletives from the Grimm Tales as early as 1865, when both brothers had passed-on. The result has been such a watered-down version of otherwise good stories that in the twenties some Australian clown assigned the name "Mother Goose" to the tales—that being a pseudonym for madam — and made a book of children's bedtime stories out of the little that was left.

Suffice it to say that none of this proves anything in particular. But, as has recently been our experience, when someone begins deleting expletives, he sure takes the punch out of an otherwise good story. 



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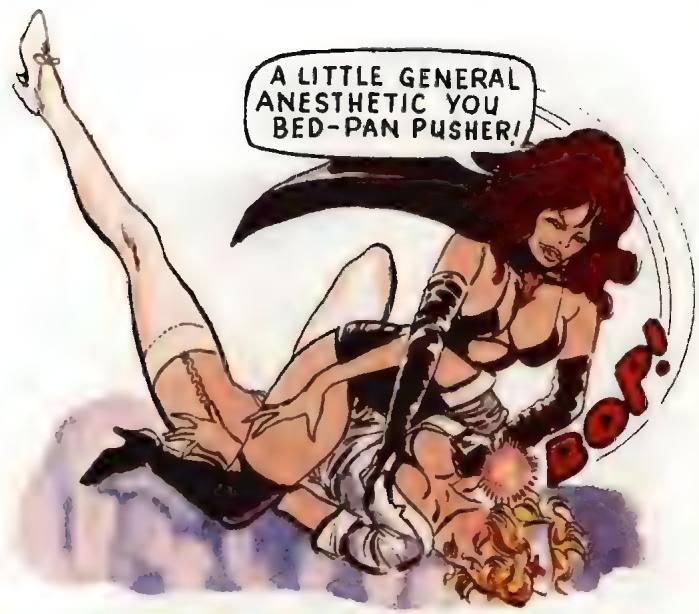
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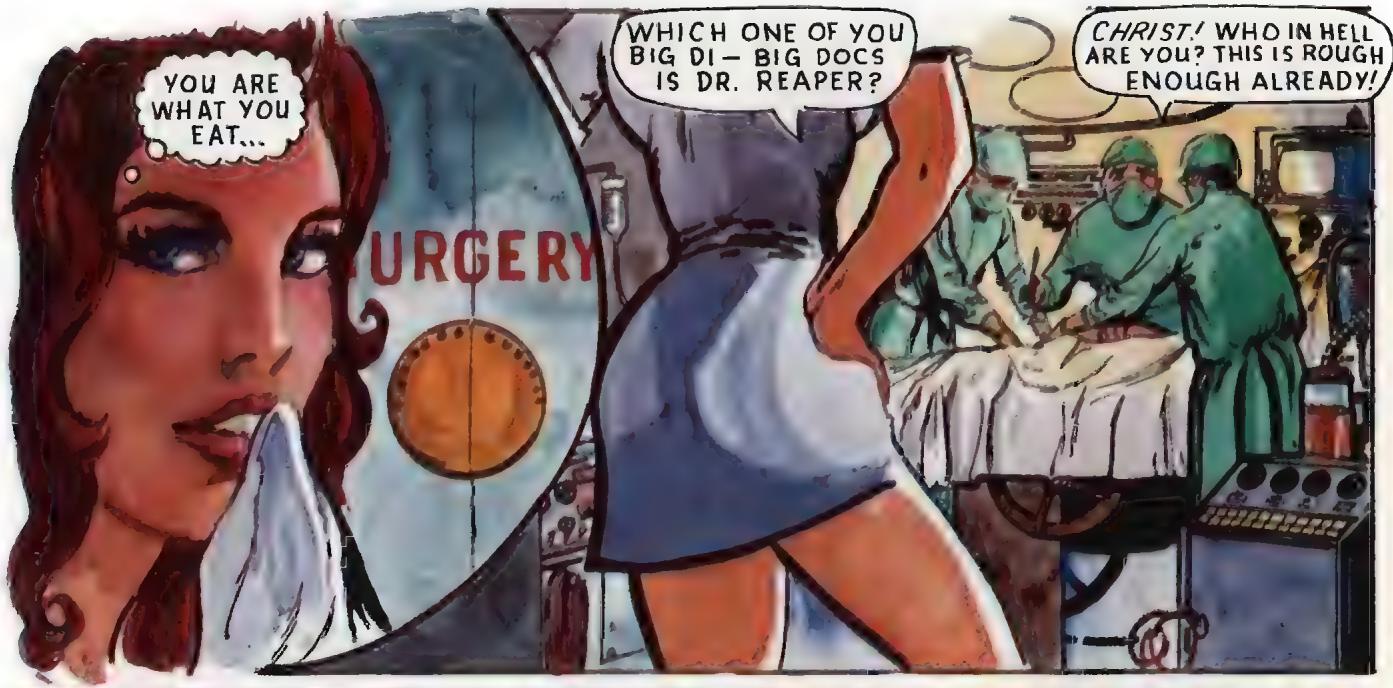
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PREVIEW

OCTOBER PREVIEW

ALEXANDER JOSEPH—Next month meet Alexander Joseph, the famed pistol-packing polygamist whose extraordinary lifestyle stumps local law officers when they try and figure out to which one of his thirteen (latest count) wives he is really married. Joseph has been profiled by *Time*, *Newsweek*, *People*, and major television networks. Don't miss **HUSTLER**'s exclusive interview, next issue—by Ron Offen.

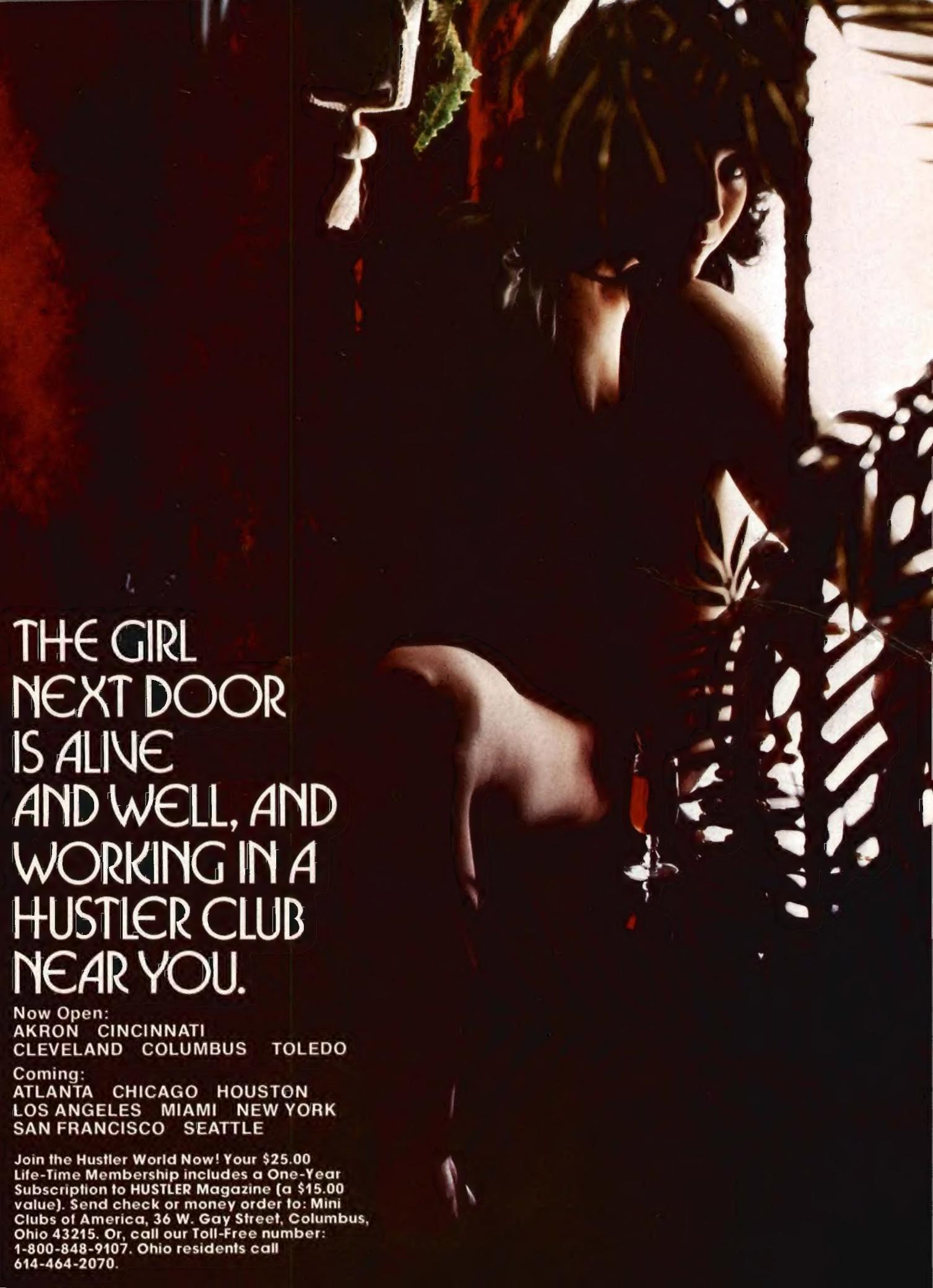
WILLIAM CALLEY PROFILE—Is ex-Lt. Calley a martyred hero or a psychotic butcher? Neither—just a human being, concludes this perceptive portrait of the most enigmatic and controversial figure to come out of America's Vietnam experience—by Wayne Greenhaw.

"ONE TWO TWO FOREVER"—The luxurious Parisian bordello at 122 Rue de Provence has been the place to meet, eat and be eaten for international royalty, movie stars, and tycoons, throughout its elegantly bawdy lifetime of seventy years. Read "One Two Two's" biography, as limned by the noted Continental pervert and pornographer—Laurence Santrey.

OBSCENE PHONE CALL—"Ma Bell" would blush if she knew how much **HUSTLER** Honey Lynn was getting off on the erotic message conveyed by a mysterious stranger who gets her "on the horn." Also, there's Debbie, our Snake Girl, who brings the ancient snake-phallic symbolism to quivering life. Plus Heather, our libidinous librarian Centerfold; and Doreen, the baby-faced cutie with the man-sized snatch.

PLUS: A space-age Bitch gets her comeuppance in "A SPACE ODDITY," a satire on the pitfalls of futuristic technology; effervescent cunts and precocious pricks in **BITS & PIECES**; veteran sexologist John Farr explores the pleasures and potentialities of masturbation (hers and yours) in **SEX PLAY**; a gaming gynecologist plugs and plays with both holes of his amorous patient in **KINKY KORNER**; and **HONEY** exorcises her strange desires.

PREVIEW

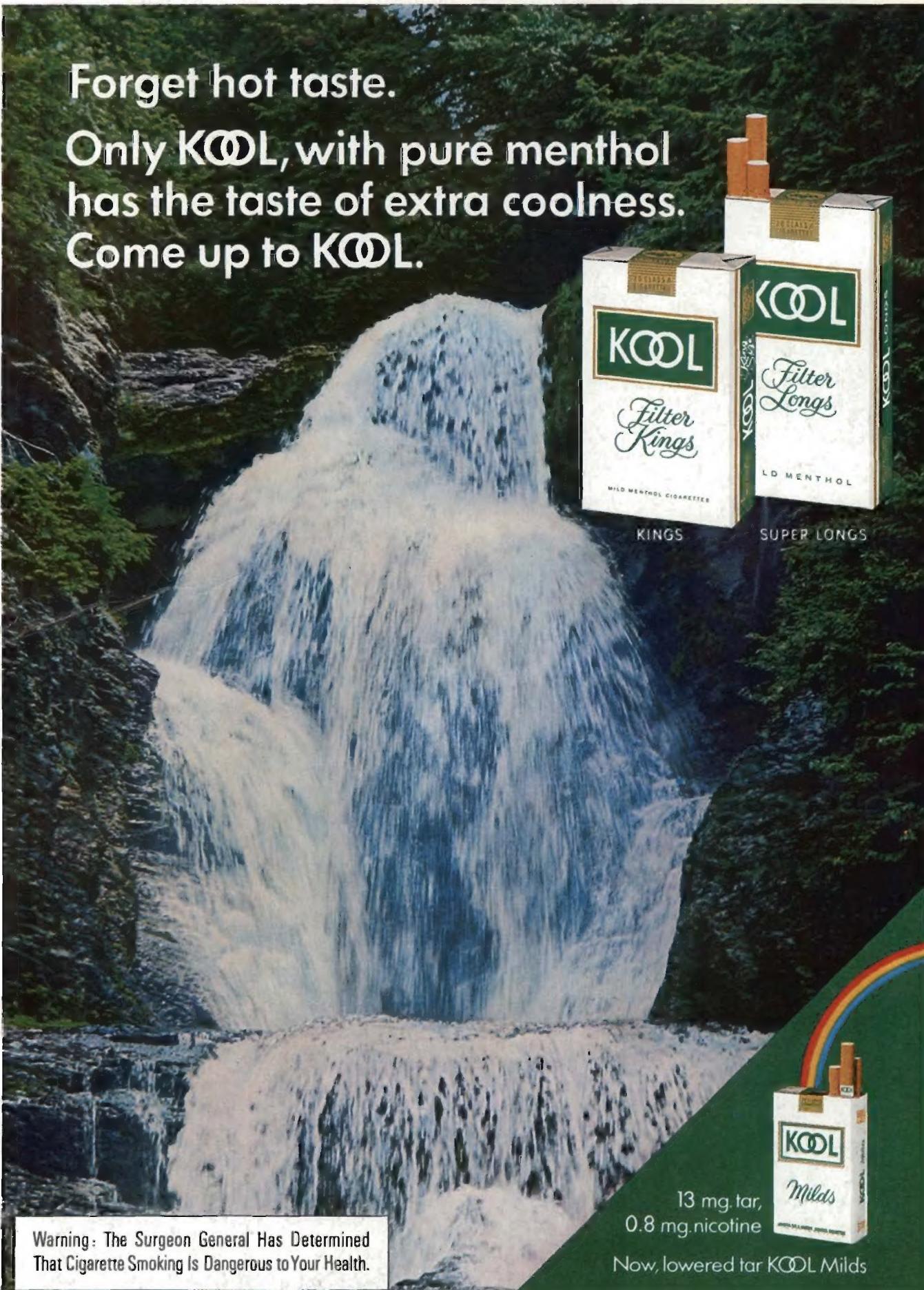


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